

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844

BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

\$5.00 a Year

15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, \$1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION LIMITED
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THIS WEEK

SOME of the brilliant achievements of that wily old diplomat, Theodore Roosevelt, are reported in connection with Kaneko's propaganda tour of the United States at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. The alleged hero of San Juan Hill favored the Japanese from the outset and popular sentiment finally swung his way, thanks to Kaneko's assiduous labors and to the Mikado's long string of victories.

* * *

Georg Popoff assures us that many priceless old manuscripts hidden away by Ivan the Terrible are going to be unearthed from the basement of the Kremlin. The tradition is that Ivan collected an enormous library which he could not read and which scholars, on account of fantastic regulations, refused to study.

* * *

José Vasconcelos is a professional exile and revolutionary who ought to be playing melodrama but prefers to devote his considerable talents to making South America safe for democracy. Just listen to him: 'Foul sirens of

despotism whisper foreign perils in our ears and chant hymns of morbid patriotism.'

* * *

One of von Tirpitz's old buddies in the German Navy tells us what he thinks about sea power in the future. Needless to say, the United States does not figure as a knight in shining armor.

* * *

Karel Čapek has taken the Biblical story of Lot and has written what he calls 'A Parable in Parody' on the same theme. But it would be an insult to the intelligence of our readers to explain it.

* * *

'Georgie' is a description of the pathetic figure and lugubrious surroundings of an infant American movie star who has made a fortune for his ungrateful family. One need only read the article to appreciate the immeasurable disgust that afflicts any European at the sight of so much money flowing into American pockets through such preposterous channels.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — JUNE 21, 1924 — NO. 4172



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BAD BLOOD IN AUSTRIA

A SOCIALIST workingman's attempt to assassinate Chancellor Seipel of Austria last month was probably in retaliation for the exceedingly light sentence passed upon two Vienna *Hakenkreuzler* who shot and killed a Socialist workingman at a Party demonstration about a year ago. The alleged murderers, who were recently convicted, were let off with fines amounting in the first instance to the equivalent of \$1.60 in American currency, and in the second to one half that amount. For several days after the publication of this verdict, Socialist and Labor papers were filled with indignant articles and editorials condemning the lenience shown by the court, and largely attended mass-meetings were held to protest against the light sentence. Workingmen were further irritated by an article in the Clerical organ, *Reichspost*, which asked scornfully:—

'It is true that the trial did not result in punishing the murderers of the Social-Democratic demonstrator, but was any such punishment demanded?'

'LE MATIN' VERSUS 'L'HUMANITÉ'

OUR readers will recall an article entitled 'A Chapter in Propaganda,' published in our issue of January 26, reproducing certain correspondence from the Russian secret archives with regard to considerable sums paid to Paris newspapers for their assistance in floating Tsarist loans in France. *Le Matin* sued *L'Humanité*, the Communist organ in which these documents appeared, for libel, and has just recovered ten thousand francs damages, in addition to which the editor of that paper and the author of the article have each been fined two hundred francs. The court says in its judgment:—

Admitting that it has been proved that in the course of the negotiations which occurred between the French Government and the Russian Government in relation to loans certain sums of money were paid to leading press-organs in France, including *Le Matin* and even *L'Humanité*, it does not necessarily follow that these papers were venal. In order to demonstrate this, it would be necessary to prove that the editors of *Le Matin* sold their consciences —

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that is, that they received this money specifically in order to persuade French subscribers to entrust their savings to Russia. This has not been proved. These payments of money may have been for regular advertising services necessary in floating any loan. Meanwhile, the design to injure *Le Matin* is certain.

✱

PARIS-BERLIN

Vossische Zeitung prints the following interesting comparison of the number of votes cast in the last parliamentary election at the French and the German capitals respectively. The figures are in round numbers.

	PARIS	BERLIN
Total Votes Cast	1,600,000	2,200,000
Royalist Right	58,000	183,000
National Bloc	527,000	511,000
Centre-Socialist Bloc	403,000	918,000
Communist	619,000	456,000
Not Grouped		76,000

Only about one third of the ballots cast in either Paris or Berlin were given to the reactionary and chauvinist — 'Nationalist' — parties. The Moderates — Clericals and Social-Democrats in Germany — are decidedly the strongest party in Berlin, though they rank behind both the Chauvinists and the Communists — the two extreme groups — in Paris. The Communists are, relatively to the total number of votes cast, well toward twice as strong in Paris as in Berlin. In France the stronghold of the Moderates is the provinces.

✱

LOWERING RENTS IN ENGLAND

THE life of the British Labor Cabinet has repeatedly hung by a hair during its stormy apprenticeship in the art of government, and never more precariously than when the Housing Bill was under consideration. This bill embodies a policy in which America is not likely to follow closely British

precedent, but it deals with a question that appeals directly and powerfully to rent-payers the world over. The new law is designed to provide pleasant and comfortable homes for people of lower incomes, if necessary at the cost of the community at large.

Housing legislation began in England more than thirty years ago, with an Act passed by the Conservative Party in 1890. The new scheme follows the method adopted in our Federal Good Roads Act — of apportioning assistance from the Central Treasury to the amount raised by the local authorities. The Central Government is to grant £9 sterling a year for forty years upon each house toward the erection of which a town council advances one half that sum. By an amendment adopted while the bill was under debate in the House of Commons, and accepted with reluctance by the Ministry, such grants may be suspended whenever it can be shown that the cost of materials and labor are exorbitantly high. Even supporters of the law complain that some of the town councils are 'either inert, or corrupt, or stuffed with builders, or controlled by owners of slum property.'

Among the indirect ways in which the Act is expected to promote building, is by encouraging apprentices to enter the building-trades, and thus increasing the supply of skilled building-labor. No other group of occupations in Great Britain has ever been offered such a prolonged guaranty of employment in an industry nursed by an immense Government subsidy.

An interesting episode associated with this movement is the offer alleged to have been made by a British company to build 250,000 six-room houses within a year at a cost ranging between \$1250 and \$1500 each, using Edison's invention for pouring buildings from waterproof concrete. Houses thus

built by mass production can be constructed largely by unskilled labor. This is partly true even of the plumbing, for pipes, wired electric conduits, and other fittings are supplied in standardized lengths that merely require assembling. Ten standard floor-plans and as many types of roofs and façades have been devised, so that neighboring houses will not look alike.



GUESSING MOSCOW POLITICS

A CLEVER and usually well-informed leader-writer in *Pester Lloyd* submits the following facts and conjectures as to the present grouping of political forces in Russia.

It is an open secret that Rykov and Kamenev recalled Trotskii from the furlough which they insisted upon giving him because they had suffered very serious setbacks in their economic policy both abroad and at home, and were ready to leave it to Trotskii's acknowledged administrative genius to get them out of the hole. Trotskii finds himself facing an extremely critical situation. There is no likelihood that England will loan Russia money unless the Soviet system is radically modified. The reform of the currency is seriously imperiled and a deficit of 400,000,000 gold rubles is in sight. Dzerinskii has been nominally put at the head of the War Office, and Trotskii has taken over the Office of Public Economy. In reality he combines both functions, and Dzerinskii is a figurehead.

After summarizing Trotskii's recent public statements as to Soviet policy, especially his conciliatory attitude toward the British Labor Party, and his apparent willingness to make concessions to certain bourgeois demands of Western Europe and America, the writer continues: —

The whole situation indicates that Trotskii aspires to the same dictatorial position that Lenin formerly occupied. If he succeeds in pushing Kamenev and

Rykov completely into the background, one good result at least will follow: the policies of the Soviet Government will be more consistent, and it will therefore be easier to deal with its representatives.



A REAL RAY OF LIGHT FROM EUROPE

THE following editorial comment from the London *Daily Telegraph* is like a wine that needs no bush: —

The Austrian Government has decided to abolish passport visas and substitute for them stamps which can be bought at tourist agencies. The traveler will return sincere if not exuberant thanks. Much indulgence must be allowed to the Governments of reconstructed States struggling to make both ends meet. To the great majority of travelers it was the delay and inconvenience in obtaining visas rather than the cost which made them irksome. We might wish that Austria had been able to join with France and Italy and Switzerland and other countries in the abolition of the visa. But if nations find it aids their finances to levy a tax on crossing their frontiers, we have no right to complain. The Austrian system of paying the tax to a 'business organization or tourist club' will cause as little trouble as possible. Let us hope that it may suggest to our own and other Governments the practicability of further reform of the passport system.



PROTECTION IN INDIA

A BILL has been brought in by the Indian Government to raise the duties on steel with a view to protecting domestic producers. The proposed duties are specific, and range from thirty to forty-five rupees per ton upon different rolling-mill products. This proposal, which is not received with enthusiasm in Great Britain, has called forth protests from certain steel-using industries in India and from Burma, which does not possess the raw materials for steel manufacture. The report of the tariff board which recommended this new

legislation contains an interesting résumé of the present status of the Indian steel industry, especially at the famous Tata Works. This report says:—

The home market for steel is large and likely to grow. Manufacture being now carried on at a loss, there is serious danger that, unless protected, it may cease altogether.

India already produces pig iron more cheaply than other countries, and the possibility of producing steel of thoroughly sound quality has been proved. It has not hitherto been found possible, however, to combine a high output with satisfactory quality. As soon as this has been done, the future of the industry is assured.

There is reasonable assurance that at no very remote date Indian steel will be able to hold its own in competition with imported steel without protection.



CHINA'S BANKRUPT COTTON-MILLS

THE *China Press* recently printed a review of the cotton-mill situation in China quite at variance with the optimistic reports that have been current of late regarding the recent condition of that industry. At the inception of the late boom the mills made enormous profits; some paid for themselves within a year or two. The recent drop in silver was disastrous to firms that still owed heavy bills for imported machinery, and the general depreciation in cotton has added still further to their losses. Seven mills in Shanghai, with 267,000 spindles, have closed, and others are offered for sale.

Foreign owned and managed establishments are doing much better than those owned and operated by the natives. According to the writer quoted, this is the result of conditions that go to the very bottom of Chinese business practice:—

When it comes to the operation of a small shop, the Chinese business man is the best in the world, but when large enter-

prises are undertaken, which go beyond the personal or family stage, difficulties develop. Some of the large industries in China, which are operated on an apparently profitable basis, use methods which are absolutely impossible of understanding from the standpoint of Western practice.

We see boys just out of college placed in charge of departments or even important businesses, which in other countries would be entrusted only to men with long experience preceded by technical training. When many of the new cotton-mills were first started, friendly foreigners urged the employment of skilled foreign superintendents, but the proprietors would not listen. One mill-owner in Shanghai, when approached on the question, stated frankly that he could not employ foreign superintendents because of the objections of a number of his relatives who were on the factory payroll but who were contributing nothing in the form of honest labor to the enterprise.



ITALY'S FALLING BIRTH-RATE

BOTH marriages and births have fallen off markedly in Italy since before the war. The decline in marriages is most evident in Sicily and the South. The fall in birth-rate is largest in Piedmont and Liguria, which are nearest the French frontier, and where, according to the conjecture of *Corriere della Sera*, it is influenced by conditions in the neighboring country.

Since the decline of natality is faster in cities than among the rural population, the presence of great urban centres affects the movement of these figures. Between the five-year-period, 1909-1913, and the present time, births have declined in Lombardy, with its large cities, from 33 per thousand to 27.5 per thousand, and in Sicily, which is predominantly agricultural, from 30.2 per thousand to 28.8 per thousand. Meanwhile the death-rate, though still higher than in North European countries, is also declining. Births exceed

deaths by a good margin in every part of Italy, the maximum being in Venetia. We should not conclude that Italy is likely to be relieved from her growing population-pressure in the near future. Averaged over the whole country, births still exceed deaths by 70 per cent.

*

A ROYAL CYNIC

THE opening of an old family coffer in Germany has brought to light some manuscripts of Frederick the Great, among which is a curious paper entitled 'A King's Morning Talks to His Brother's Son,' presumably written by Frederick II in 1797 for his nephew. The manuscript is in the royal author's characteristic style, and presents many parallels with the 'Memorabilia of the History of the House of Brandenburg,' published in the first volume of his collected works.

The first of the Talks bears the title: 'Of the Origin of Our House.' Its thesis is that all important countries are founded on robbery.

We too, my prince, are in the same case, for we owe all we are and all our greatness to these robbers. You blush, and I excuse you, but stop acting childish. . . . Our house, like many others, has had its Achilles, its Ciceros, its Nestors, its block-heads, and its good-for-nothings; its intelligent women and evil women, wild women, stepmothers, and — what I never forget — many gallant and charming ladies. . . . Finally, in 1701, not so very long ago, the vanity and ambition of my grandfather won him a crown. . . . As we review the virtues and heroic deeds of our ancestors, we soon discover that our house has not these virtues and these heroic deeds to thank for its greatness. The leadership of most of the princes of our house has been about as bad as it could be. . . . I must impress upon you, furthermore, that the first of our family who put a crown upon his head was one of the vainest and stupidest of men and, in addition, a man of very clumsy and awkward figure.

The other Morning Talks are equally cynical and sarcastic. In the one devoted to 'Politics' the King says: —

As soon as men had come to the conclusion that it was sinful and base to deceive their fellowmen, they began to hunt around diligently to find a word what would condone such actions with a pleasing title. They hit upon the words 'politics' and 'statesmanship' to designate them. Those terms are appropriate only for sovereigns and rulers, for who would presume to call us liars and scoundrels? . . . I understand, my dear nephew, by the word 'politics' the supreme effort of men to cheat other people. . . . Don't be ashamed of making treaties and alliances with the idea of getting all the benefit from them yourself.

*

MINOR NOTES

BRITISH cocoa-manufacturers are celebrating this month the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of cocoa to Europe, by a convention in London to which their fellow manufacturers from all over the world have been invited. Of the three great modern beverages — chocolate, coffee, and tea — chocolate was the first to reach Western countries. Tea followed in 1588, and coffee in the following century. The soldiers of Cortez found cocoa in common use in Mexico when they landed in that country in 1519, where its use by the natives dated from time immemorial. The people of Abyssinia have used coffee from the remotest times. According to Chinese traditions, tea was drunk in that country three thousand years B.C. The three beverages entered England almost simultaneously, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Navayuga, a native weekly devoted to the independence movement, publishes statistics criticizing the large salaries paid higher British officials in India as compared with the salaries of corre-

sponding officials in the United States and Japan. For instance, the Prime Minister of Japan receives 12,000 yen, or \$6000, the President of the United States \$75,000, and the Viceroy of India 250,800 rupees — or rather more than the President — 'plus large allowances.' The discrepancy is much greater when the salaries of Cabinet Ministers and various executive officials are compared. For instance, a member of the President's Cabinet receives \$12,000 per annum, while a member of the Viceroy's Council receives 80,000 rupees, which is equivalent to fully twice as much.

La Prensa of Buenos Aires, in speaking of the coming Latin Press Congress at Seville and the Pan-American Press Congress at Washington, says: —

It is difficult to see any urgent reason for holding either Congress, but if we have to choose, practical considerations urge South American newspapers to give the preference to the Congress in Seville, where we shall come into touch with journalists from countries that have sent us men who are working shoulder to shoulder with ourselves for the progress and prosperity of Spanish America. After that, we welcome the Pan-American Congress.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL TROUBLE-MAKER



DEAN OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS. Colleagues, we might as well resign. These football teams are ruining our handiwork. — *Bagaría in El Sol*

SHORTLY after the World War, Swedish officers were engaged by the Persian authorities to organize a local police force. One of them, Captain G. de Bronikowsky, in a recent lecture at Halmstad, said that when he first arrived in the city where he was to take command of the police and the jail the Mayor arranged for his entertainment a public execution.

Before the war travelers were limited to horse or camel conveyance. Now Ford automobiles are as common as in any other country. In former times the great caravan-trails across the desert were marked by the bones of camels. Now they are marked even more distinctly by remnants of broken-down Fords.

At the last elections for senator and deputies in the Federal District of Buenos Aires, the Socialists won a sweeping victory, having nearly a ten-thousand majority over their combined opponents.

ALL THE WORLD'S ALIKE



MAGISTRATE. What have you to report, officer?

POLICEMAN. As usual, your Honor; thirty traffic violations and eight pedestrians killed by automobiles. — *La Tribuna*

SEA POWER AND WORLD POLITICS TO-DAY

BY ADMIRAL ALBERT HOPMAN, RETIRED

From *Preussische Jahrbücher*, April
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE-NATIONALIST HISTORICAL MONTHLY)

THE World War revolutionized the standing of the Powers in a way not witnessed since the collapse of the Spanish and Napoleonic empires. Germany, Russia, and Austria have been eliminated. The British navy has no formidable rival east of the Atlantic. On the other hand two new sea Powers of first importance have arisen — Japan and the United States.

Japan was the first to strengthen her relative position. She seized Shantung and Tsingtau, thereby setting her foot on Central China, occupied the former German colonies in the Pacific north of the equator, strengthened her public finances, extended her manufacturing and commerce, and in general took a long step toward the goal nearest her heart — ascendancy in the Far East. Her naval plans were commensurate with this ambition. In 1920 she inaugurated the so-called 8:8:8 schedule. This was designed to give the Japanese navy by 1927 two squadrons each of eight battleships and eight armored cruisers, none of which should be more than eight years old. A third squadron was to be formed of eight older battleships. In addition, Japan planned to build twenty-six small cruisers and to increase correspondingly her U-boat, torpedo-boat destroyer, and aviation flotillas. Last of all, she proposed to erect a series of coast defenses that would give her an impregnable line of sea fortresses and naval bases from Sakhalin on the north to the Bonin Islands, and thence to the Marianne, Caroline, Marshall, and Pelew archi-

pelagoes in the Central Pacific. She would thus have a defensive cordon extending from the equator to the fiftieth degree north latitude, interrupted only by the American Philippines, and virtually controlling access to China.

This new development caused grave concern in the United States and Great Britain. The latter country was particularly affected, because her Dominions in Australia and New Zealand watched with jealous hostility Japan's expansion southward. During the war the United States had begun to build a formidable fleet, which was designed to give that country a navy second to none by 1924. Simultaneously she was launching merchant vessels on an unprecedented scale, so that her commercial fleet rose from less than 2,000,000 tons in 1914 to 12,000,000 tons seven years later.

This hothouse growth, however, soon experienced inevitable setbacks. It is easy enough to build ships if a country has money and industrial resources in abundance, but it is quite another thing to create a sea power. For that a nation must have trained seamen and officers; and these cannot be developed in a day, but only by slow and tedious discipline and tradition. More than that, the people of a country must take instinctively to the hard and self-denying labor of the sea. Americans, with their continental resources and interests, do not possess the seafaring instinct of the English, the Dutch, the Germans, and the Scandinavians, with

their numerous seaports and teeming coastal life. Added to this, the people of America had a revulsion of feeling after the war that disgusted them with militarism and foreign adventures.

Therefore the United States, possibly in previous agreement with England, called the Washington Conference, in order to compensate for her own deficiencies by clipping the wings of her successful rivals, particularly Japan. Her spokesmen skillfully relegated the Pacific question, originally regarded as the main issue, completely to the background, and sprang upon the unprepared delegates a ready-made programme of naval reduction. The result was astounding. After a lively exchange of dispatches with their home Governments, the representatives of England, Japan, France, and Italy announced through the mouth of Balfour their 'joyous agreement' with the principles of this programme. The result was to fix a rigid limit for line-of-battle units — that is, battleships and armored cruisers — under which England and the United States were each entitled to 525,000 tons, Japan to 315,000 tons, and France and Italy each to 175,000 tons displacement. England's proposal to abolish submarines encountered inflexible opposition from France, but she succeeded in forcing through a rule prohibiting the use of submarines against merchant vessels. This advantage was strengthened by another rule sanctioning the arming of merchant ships with guns up to six-inch calibre — a very important concession for Great Britain, with her vast commercial marine. It proved impossible to restrict the number of small cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, and aviation units, beyond providing that small cruisers should not exceed 10,000 tons displacement, and should carry no guns of more than eight-inch calibre.

As a result, England left the Conference mistress of the seas, especially when we consider her advantage over the United States, — obliged to defend a long coast-line on two oceans, — her naval bases strategically placed over the whole globe, her long maritime tradition, and the greater efficiency and better quality of her fleet. Japan's naval status was further impaired by the restoration of Shantung to China, and by her engagement not to fortify her outer islands — as an equivalent for which the United States agreed not to fortify any islands in the Pacific except Hawaii. Last of all, a final setback was given to Japan's ambitions by the substitution of the meaningless Four Power Treaty for the really significant Anglo-Japanese Alliance. By this treaty the United States, England, Japan, and France formally agreed to settle all controversial questions relating to their common interests in the Pacific by public negotiations, and to act together in defending those interests from outside attack. Whether they anticipated such attack from the Bolshevik, the Mexican, or the Polish navy, has never been clear to me.

Thus the Washington Conference resulted in a complete surrender of Japan to the Anglo-Saxons. Japan ratified the Treaty with typical imperturbability, and so far as we know has faithfully complied with its provisions. How far her naval strength was impaired by the earthquake is difficult to determine. Concerning that she reveals nothing, and merely smiles. Her people have the faculty of all Asiatics to wait — to wait perhaps until Russia has recovered, or the people of Asia are ready to combine against their white exploiters. The project of a great British naval base at Singapore — long mooted and, though apparently dropped for the moment, not definitely relinquished — seems to indicate that

the farsighted Britishers already reckon with that eventuality. Holland — who has perhaps listened to English suggestions — has also conceived sudden alarm for her East Indian colonies, whose oil Japan covets, and has drafted an ambitious naval programme without, so far, securing funds from Parliament to begin it.

Therefore the Pacific question, which for a time promised to engage the world's attention even more than Europe's chaos, seems to have been tabled for the moment. The problem of sea power has been shifted to another scene, the Mediterranean, which for a thousand years has been the critical area of naval rivalry for the three continents that border upon it. The Union Jack has floated triumphantly for two centuries over this vital link between Great Britain and India, Australasia, and the Orient. It is a significant caprice of nature that the guardian Rock of Gibraltar happens to have the contour of the British lion. Napoleon called the Mediterranean *un lac français*, but Nelson prevented the definition from applying. To-day, however, France has what she did not have in Napoleon's time, a rapidly developing colonial empire in North Africa, extending from the Mediterranean to the Congo, and from the mouth of the Senegal to Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This empire is separated from the Suez Canal, the jugular vein of British sea power, only by Tripoli, which was given in a moment of happy inspiration to Italy. When this vast African dominion is covered by a network of railways, is exploited commercially, and is fully organized for war, it may well become a serious threat to British supremacy in the Mediterranean. Tunis, Algeria, and French Morocco are separated from France by a sea journey of less than five hundred miles. About two thirds of the distance

from Africa to France lies Corsica, with the important harbor of Ajaccio. Cutting this line at right angles is the British naval highway through Gibraltar, Malta, and the Suez Canal.

French imperialist ambition, which the world has always underestimated and still underestimates, has steadily pursued two goals — primarily world hegemony, and, as a step to that, hegemony in Europe. Unless France has a free hand on the continent, even her marvelous strategic position, facing the Channel, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean, does not avail her against her British rival. England has deftly utilized this weakness throughout her history. Louis XIV was forced to relinquish Colbert's ambitious plan of world dominion because his hands were bound by the wars of the Reunion and the Spanish Succession. The Seven Years' War which, regarded in its broader relations, was a struggle between England and France for world supremacy, was fought by Frederick the Great for Britain's benefit. Napoleon had to break camp at Bologne in order to march to Austerlitz and Jena.

To-day England still follows, if not in the conscious policy of the men momentarily controlling her destinies, at least in her subconscious national mind, the same traditional purpose. After watching without protest France work her will on the Rhine and in the Ruhr, possibly hoping that the two rivals would reduce each other to utter impotence, she seems to have become alarmed over France's possible military and economic hegemony on the continent, and to have intervened to save Germany. She unquestionably was the godmother of the Italian-Spanish Treaty. She certainly looked benignly upon Mussolini's reconciliation with Yugoslavia. She is spinning her web over Rumania, Belgium, and even Poland. British policy under Ramsay

MacDonald may not consciously pursue the same path as it did under his energetic predecessor, Lord Curzon. The new Premier seems to have dropped the Italian courtship. But I personally regard this as only a passing episode, for it is from both the historical and the psychological standpoint utterly un-British. Italy and Spain prefer to see the Union Jack, to which they are accustomed and which has defended them for centuries, floating over the Mediterranean, rather than the Tricolor, which they dislike and distrust. We already begin to hear rumors of the encirclement of France. Will that lead, as it did in case of Germany, to new wars?

I should add here that the British navy is much stronger than that of France, and that its superiority is increased further by the support of Italy and Spain, which, besides the former country's considerable fleet, afford strategic bases of great value. In case of war, France has two principal fronts, one on the Mediterranean, the other on the English Channel. Upon both of them she is far stronger than Britain on land, and immeasurably weaker on the sea. For that reason she has had recourse to the weapons of the weak: submarines and airplanes. The Mediterranean, on account of its depth and the prevalence of calm clear weather, is a favorable field for operating submarines, while the proximity of the exposed British coast and of a great population-centre like London places England at the mercy of a superior air-power. One can read between the lines of French naval literature that her authorities intend to disregard the Washington Conference's veto on attacking merchant vessels with submarines should an emergency arise. In the past France has always used cruiser warfare ruthlessly against the sea trade of her enemies.

Meanwhile we Germans are not surprised to hear one of our naval officers, who was a consistent advocate of the unrestricted use of submarines during the war, express the opinion that the U-boat is sadly overestimated. It has lost ground compared with its position during the war through the development of means for combating it. Even during hostilities we discovered that it could not be used with much effect against battleships. To be sure, Weddigen destroyed in quick succession three slow and stupidly manœuvred English armored cruisers on the Flanders coast when, as if expressly to consult his convenience, they stopped one after another to rescue their consorts. Only a few other naval vessels were sunk, and nearly all of these were of old design. Every navy has rebuilt its older ships and designed its newer vessels so as to make them, if not impregnable, at least largely immune from submarine attack. Rapid-fire guns have been perfected until they are now most formidable weapons against our slow-moving submarines, and the use of torpedo-boat destroyers to combat the latter has been highly developed. No matter how discreetly a U-boat uses its periscope, it reveals its location to a trained observer the moment it fires its torpedo. A quick manœuvre enables the vessel attacked to evade the latter.

Upon the whole, therefore, defense against submarines will be much more effective at the beginning of the next war than it was at the beginning of the last. A host of light submarine-chasers, aided by submarine telephones and signaling apparatus, has already reduced their offensive value to a minimum. The arming of merchant vessels, the convoy system, the uselessness of the submarine at night, — for it is exclusively a daylight weapon, — and the fact that the English are tempera-

mentally better qualified for operating these vessels than the French, will have an important influence upon their use hereafter. I do not personally think that the U-boat will be a decisive factor in future wars.

Notwithstanding this, every naval power is actively developing this weapon, although it has not been radically improved since the war was over. In general, the best opinion is in favor of moderate-sized vessels of about one thousand tons, although the United States and Japan are building submarines of greater displacement — indeed, the latter country is said to have some of three thousand tons.

The latest military weapon, the airplane, in its varied services as a scouting, bombing, torpedo, and fighting machine, finds its chief mission in land operations rather than in naval warfare, although it is likely to play an important part in the latter. English and American experiments show that even where airplanes have succeeded in dropping bombs of a ton in weight upon moving vessels a single hit seldom proves disabling. A German naval designer has estimated, upon the basis of the British experiments, that a squadron of at least sixty bombing planes would be required to destroy a modern battleship. I think that estimate is too low rather than too high, especially if we reckon with a defensive aerial squadron.

All new devices in war have an intimidating effect at first. I remember that when the first torpedo-boats came into use, some forty years ago, our officers freely prophesied that the battleship was doomed. Submarines and airplanes may bring about changes in battleship design, but they will not completely revolutionize naval warfare. It is significant that all the great sea Powers are trying to adjust themselves to the Washington Agreement by

building cruisers which, in view of the great distances over which operations may be conducted in the conflicts of the future, are likely to play a more important part than hitherto. England, with her numerous naval bases, will enjoy a great initial advantage in this kind of fighting.

Returning to the possibility of a war between France and England, the former country's position in the Mediterranean, especially if Italy and Spain are involved, will be decidedly precarious. Her line of communication between Toulon and Bizerta will at once be broken, and her chance of attacking the Suez Canal thereby reduced to a vanishing point. Great Britain could survive a temporary interruption of her present trade-route to India and the Pacific, by resorting to her old highway around the Cape of Good Hope. There is evidence that England is already preparing for this eventuality. Her officers are advocating strenuously a powerful naval base near Capetown. They are preparing to defend that route against possible French flank attacks from the West African coast at Dakar and from Madagascar in the Indian Ocean. Some naval critics imagine that this looks toward the abandonment of the Mediterranean route, because if Britain's fleet were once blockaded there she would lose the war. I do not share this opinion, and believe that the command of the Mediterranean is to-day, as it always has been, the alpha and omega of English sea power. During her two hundred years' rivalry with France, England has only once — for eighteen months during the Napoleonic Wars — yielded these waters to her enemy. It was Nelson himself who at Trafalgar restored the Union Jack to its Mediterranean supremacy, a supremacy that has not been challenged for more than a century, and cannot be so long

as Britannia truly rules the waves. For six months now the English Atlantic fleet has been back on its old station at Gibraltar, and her Mediterranean fleet at Malta. As I write these lines, both fleets have assembled for manœuvres with a total strength of fifteen battleships, twelve cruisers, forty-seven destroyers, and eight submarines, at Polenza Gulf in the Spanish Balearic Islands. Those islands are Nelson's old operating base. That tells the real story, no matter how much MacDonald and Poincaré may parley. Evidently the British Admiralty, a body that has played a dominant rôle in England's history, has other things in mind than the Premier has.

Unquestionably, however, England is primarily concerned over her inferiority in the air. Press and Parliament are anxiously debating this. I think the situation is painted blacker than it is, and that more has been done toward preparing for defense than people in general know. Our own experience taught us that English fliers are superior to the French in both airplane construction and airplane tactics. I do not believe, in view of Great Britain's experience with defense against submarines, that she is exposed to serious danger from this weapon in the Channel, or that the poilu will ever set foot on British soil.

We sometimes hear it said that if a war were to occur between Great Britain and France the United States might join France through her political sympathies with the latter country and her commercial rivalry with England. This year's American fleet manœuvres, which were designed to meet an Atlantic attack upon the Panama Canal, suggest that the thought of such an eventuality is not entirely absent from the minds of American naval men. I consider, however, that

such a conflict within any predictable time lies without the sphere of serious consideration. Memories of America's War of Independence and of Lafayette, the attraction that Parisian perfumes, jewels, and fine gowns have for some American ladies, and even the more weighty factor of commercial and industrial rivalry, are but bagatelles compared with the psychological and cultural ties that bind the Anglo-Saxon world together. Furthermore, Americans instinctively dislike and distrust the passion for militarism that has manifested itself of late in France. A comprehensive community of interest, which ties the British Dominions to Washington and New York as well as to London, still further consolidates the so-called Anglo-Saxon world. I do not anticipate, therefore, that France will be able successfully to dispute with her century-old rival the supremacy of the sea in case her present imperialist policy continues. I imagine that in such a case she is more probably headed toward a second Fashoda.

Meanwhile, more unsolved economic, cultural, racial, and in final analysis military and political, conflicts torment the world to-day than ever before in history. Competition for the industrial raw materials of the future, such as petroleum, will, it is predicted, cause a war between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers, or between Western Europe and allied Russia and Asia. I shall not indulge in these far-fetched speculations. If a catastrophe of this kind occurs, it will be world-embracing, and sea power will decide the outcome. That is why all great nations are conscious that their future lies on the water. That is why proposals for universal naval disarmament are being pigeonholed in the cabinet of political phrase-making and campaign oratory.

KANEKO IN AMERICA

[The following summary of a confidential report of Viscount Kaneko's mission to America during the Russo-Japanese War has been slightly revised from an English translation in the Japan Weekly Chronicle. It originally appeared in full in the Japanese review, Chuo Koron.]

From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, May 1 and 8
(KOBE ANGLO-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

At no time, perhaps, was the Japanese mind in a higher state of tension than when Japan declared war upon Russia in 1904. The Japanese authorities were all anxiety. Although they had decided to go to war, they had their doubts as to the outcome. At the important meeting of the Privy Council at which the final approval was given to the decision of the Katsura Cabinet to declare war, it was decided that Viscount Kaneko and the late Viscount Suematsu should be dispatched to America and England respectively on the mission of arousing as much sympathy in those countries as possible for Japan's cause. Both of these emissaries performed their duty splendidly, and 'did their bit' for their country. Viscount Kaneko wrote a detailed report of what he did in the fulfillment of his mission, and submitted it to the Throne after his return home from America.

Viscount Kaneko accepted the mission at the very earnest and persistent request of the late Prince Ito, President of the Privy Council. Immediately after his acceptance he visited General Kodama, Vice-Chief of the Army General Staff, who said that in his opinion the chances of a Japanese victory were even. In war it was important that a severe blow should be dealt to the enemy at the very beginning, and therefore the plan of the military authorities was to send a much superior force against the Russians in the initial stage of hostilities. Japan, he said, might be considered fortunate

if she could win six battles out of ten, and he indicated that it was possible that during Viscount Kaneko's stay in America he would receive six telegrams of victory against four wires reporting defeat. He next called on Admiral Yamamoto, Minister of the Navy, who, like the Vice-Chief of the Army General Staff, was not quite sure of Japan's victory. He thought it inevitable that about one half of Japan's warships would be sacrificed, but expressed his determination that everything possible should be done to win.

Saddled with his weighty responsibilities, Viscount Kaneko left Yokohama for America. When he arrived at San Francisco he learned, to his dismay, that President Roosevelt had issued an order strictly forbidding military and civil officials to express their views on the Russo-Japanese War. This proclamation of strict neutrality debarred many pro-Japanese Americans from showing openly their sympathy for Japan.

The Russian Ambassador to America at the time was a diplomat well posted on conditions in Japan and Manchuria. He had held the post of Minister in Peking, and had been prominently associated with the 'Three Powers' Intervention at the close of the Sino-Japanese War, which resulted in the retrocession of the Liaotung peninsula by Japan to China. He was carrying on active propaganda, for which he spent money liberally. He argued that

the Japanese were an ambitious people who had aggressive designs against the whites, that the war was tantamount to a conflict between Christendom and Heathendom, and that the sinking of the Russian warship *Variak* in Chemulpo even before the declaration of war constituted a breach of international law on Japan's part. All this appealed to many American minds.

On the day following his landing, Viscount Kaneko explained in a press interview the reasons for Japan's declaration of war against Russia and the attitude of the Japanese people, but the American press reported his statement very inadequately. He went to Chicago, where disappointment was again in store for him. Prominent citizens of that city were allied to Russians by marriage, and local manufacturers were large exporters to Vladivostok. To make matters worse for Japan, most of the papers were under the management of friends of Russia. Under such circumstances, Japanese propaganda was hopeless, and even the Japanese Consul-General advised Viscount Kaneko to proceed immediately to New York.

Fortunately the Viscount found at Chicago a warm supporter of the Japanese cause in Professor Wigmore, who arranged a meeting of graduates of Harvard University at which Viscount Kaneko set forth Japan's reasons for declaring war. He had the satisfaction of seeing his speech published in the press the following day. When he reached New York, he learned that American sympathy in this city also was distinctly with Russia. On the day after his arrival, the Russian Ambassador caused a lengthy article, very abusive of Japan, to be published in the *World*. After this article appeared, a *World* reporter called on the Viscount and asked whether what the Russian Ambassador wrote was correct. On his

replying in the negative, the reporter asked him to write a refutation. He complied, but a single article could hardly alter the general situation, which was decidedly in Russia's favor.

Viscount Kaneko was stopping at the Holland House. One night a brilliant evening party was given at the Waldorf-Astoria by Mrs. Hitchcock, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, who was well known in social circles, for the express purpose of arousing American sympathy for Russia. The function was very largely attended. The Russian Ambassador sent a secretary, who read a long communication violently attacking Japan. The American press reported the meeting in detail, with the Ambassador's letter. The evening party was, indeed, intended as a sort of demonstration against the Viscount. On Saint Patrick's Day there was a big parade of Irishmen and Americans of Irish extraction. Perhaps because Britain was Japan's ally, Irishmen were sympathetically disposed toward Russia. The paraders carried the Russian and Irish national flags, and thousands assembled before the Viscount's hotel. At the head of the big procession was the Mayor of New York in a carriage, who directed the crowds by waving the Russian and Irish national flags which he was carrying.

At this time most metropolitan papers, as if by common agreement, were attacking Japan. So it was with feelings of great uneasiness and displeasure that Viscount Kaneko left the city for Washington. Immediately on his arrival at the Capital, he met Baron Takahira, the Japanese Minister, and other Japanese, and conferred with them as to his future course of action. The following morning at 10 A.M., he, in company with the Japanese Minister and his suite, visited President Roosevelt at the White House. No sooner

did he enter the Cabinet Room than the President came rushing up, bubbling over with smiles, and, with his right arm locked in the Viscount's left, carried him into an inner room, saying that he had been very anxious to see him. This warm welcome from the American President overwhelmed the Viscount with gratitude, friendless as he had felt hitherto. In the spacious Cabinet Room a number of visitors were waiting their turn to see the President. They exchanged curious glances at this sight, wondering who the Japanese was whom the President went to the door to greet.

When the two men were alone, the President explained that the proclamation of strict neutrality had been issued because of a protest filed by the Russian Ambassador against pro-Japanese speeches delivered by American military and naval officers at dinner parties and other gatherings. The American military and naval officers, he told Viscount Kaneko, were pro-Japanese almost without exception, and some went the length of expressing their willingness to fight Russia on the side of Japan. President Roosevelt continued:—

'We were classmates at Harvard, and are old and intimate friends. I am not only your personal friend but a friend of Japan. It is, indeed, my sincere hope that Japan will come out victorious in the present war.' Viscount Kaneko was overjoyed. He clasped the President's hand, and said:—

'My dear friend, I heartily thank you. Since I landed in your country not a single American has greeted me with such sympathetic words. Your kind words have taken a heavy weight off my mind.' He was overwhelmed and shed tears of gratitude. He then explained his mission to the President, and asked for advice. The interview lasted an hour, and soon after leaving

the White House he wired to his home Government a report of this interview.

On March 28 the Viscount dined with the President at the White House. After dinner the President said that he read much about Japan but had come across no book dealing with Bushido. Viscount Kaneko told him that there was one written by Dr. Nitobe in English, and afterward presented a copy to him. At a later interview the President told him that he had been greatly impressed by the book, which taught him what Japan's national spirit was like. He had wired to New York for thirty copies and gave one copy to each of his five children, recommending its careful perusal to them, saying that there was no difference between Bushido and the American spirit, and suggesting that in reading the book they should replace the word 'Emperor' by 'the flag.' If they respected the flag as the Japanese revered the Emperor, the President told his children, they would become true patriots. As to the remaining copies, he said, they were given members of the Cabinet, Congressmen, and military and naval officers.

Viscount Kaneko replied to Roosevelt's question, as to where he would make his headquarters, that he planned to remain in New York. The choice of New York, instead of Washington, met with the approval of the President, who said that his stay in Washington would excite Russian suspicion and his movements would be more closely watched. The President suggested that future consultations should be done by wire.

Encouraged by the profound sympathy of President Roosevelt, the Viscount returned to New York, which he found as anti-Japanese as before. Mr. Woodford, at one time American Minister to Spain, who was an old friend of the Viscount's and a well-wisher of

Japan, arranged a dinner at the University Club by way of introducing him to Americans. A hundred and nineteen American gentlemen of note, representing all walks of life, were present. Mr. Hughes, the present Secretary of State, then a rising barrister, was among them. Viscount Kaneko had not addressed such a distinguished gathering since he had arrived in America, and consequently his utterances on the occasion excited considerable attention. Two days before this event, a telegram was published in the press reporting the death of Admiral Makarov, whose ship had struck a mine. In his speech he paid tribute to the Russian Admiral and lamented his tragic death. Throughout his address he carefully refrained from such abusive remarks as the Russian Ambassador and other Russians had been indulging in against Japan. He emphasized that Japan had been compelled to go to war for the cause of justice and equity, and that no selfish motives prompted her to take up arms against Russia. His speech produced a very favorable impression upon his hearers, and was reproduced in the American press with commendatory comment.

On another occasion the Viscount spoke by request at Harvard University for two hours, and six thousand printed copies of his address were widely distributed by the Harvard Club. Mr. Smith, an officer of the St. Louis Exhibition, printed and distributed two thousand more copies at his own expense for Japan's benefit.

Meanwhile reports of Japan's victories kept flowing in, and a change came over the general attitude of the American people toward the war. When the news of the fall of Port Arthur reached the United States, Viscount Kaneko was deluged with invitations to give addresses, while the

Russian Ambassador was completely left out in the cold. Some Americans spoke in appreciative terms of the generous treatment accorded by the Japanese Emperor to the vanquished Russian General Stössel, who was allowed to keep his sword, and said it was natural that the troops under the supreme command of such an Emperor should be victorious. On the contrary, General Stössel was bitterly criticized in connection with the report that he had bought \$5000 worth of souvenirs at Nagasaki, notwithstanding the fact that Russian soldiers who had surrendered at Port Arthur were ragged and wretched. Such a Commander, they said, could not be expected to lead his troops to victory. Thus the tables were turned completely. Now the Americans, four fifths of whom favored Russia at the time of the Viscount's arrival, turned their sympathies almost unanimously to Japan.

In response to a wire from the President desiring an interview, Viscount Kaneko again visited Washington. At this interview the President congratulated Japan heartily on her succession of victories, and then said that he was starting for Colorado for a hunt. If anything occurred during his absence for which Japan required his services, a telegram should be sent to Mr. Taft, the Secretary of War. Mr. Taft was then called in, and the three conferred on diplomatic matters. When he heard that the chief object of the President's proposed trip was to hunt bear, Viscount Kaneko advised him to give up the plan. Upon being asked his reason for this advice, the Viscount explained that the bear was Russia's emblem, and that to hunt bear when the Russo-Japanese War was at its height would be contrary to his proclamation of strict neutrality. The President replied jokingly that he

knew the bear was Russia's emblem, and that was the very reason why he was going to hunt them: he was going to attack Russia. On hearing this, the Viscount expressed great satisfaction and hoped that the President would bag many bears. Subsequently he got another wire from the President and went to Washington to see him, whereupon the latter showed him a dozen bearskins which he had taken in Colorado. The Viscount interpreted his big bag as a good omen for the coming sea-fight, and the President hoped it would prove so. At this interview the President made some kindly suggestions regarding this prospective naval battle, for at that time the Baltic Armada had already left Madagascar for Formosa.

Viscount Kaneko asked the President for the skin of one of the bears he had shot during his Colorado trip, saying that he desired to present it to the Emperor as a memento of what the President had told him. President Roosevelt readily acquiesced, and promised to give him the biggest one. Five days after this interview the battle of the Japan Sea was fought, and the Japanese Navy scored a brilliant victory. The news spread rapidly, and everywhere the Viscount went he was accorded a most hearty welcome. When he first got the news he scarcely believed his eyes, for he had expected, as Admiral Yamamoto had told him on the eve of his departure for America, that the victory, even if won, would be at heavy sacrifices on the part of the Japanese fleet. The report that not a single Japanese warship had been sunk appeared to him too good to be true.

He received the first intimation of the victory at Atlantic City, where he was on a short visit. When he went to the railway station to take the train for New York, the station-master handed him another telegram which

gave the names of the Russian ships sunk or captured. When he had traveled for thirty minutes newsboys came into the train with extras and, it having become known that a Japanese was on the train, many passengers came into the Viscount's compartment and shook hands with him, shouting '*Banzai!*' At New York the enthusiasm of the American crowd was almost frantic, and he felt as if he were at a railway station in his own country. On his way to his hotel he saw Japanese flags over many doors, and he was cheered by people in the streets. He was invited to dinner parties every day, and when he was walking home from one of these functions he was accosted by a cabman, who insisted upon carrying him to his hotel. This man declared that he must take the Viscount by all means, as it made him feel small among his set to confess that he had never had a Japanese fare. The Viscount was glad to find among cabmen such a friend of Japan, and consented to ride. On reaching the hotel he produced the fare, but the man would not accept it, saying that he deemed it an honor to have carried him. The Viscount, however, insisted, and pressed the money on him, asking him to drink to the success of Japan's arms. His appearance at a theatre was the signal for the orchestra to strike up *Kimigayo*, and he was besieged by enthusiastic Americans eager to shake hands.

The next time Kaneko visited the President at his invitation, the latter received him in his library, and confided to him his intention to mediate between Japan and Russia. The President then showed him a draft letter to the Japanese and the Russian Governments. Viscount Kaneko found it a very judicious document, and expressed his approval. They then conferred as to the methods of attaining

the object in view. This formal offer was forwarded by President Roosevelt to both Governments. A few days later the Viscount received a wire from the President, and immediately called upon him at the White House, where Roosevelt told him that both Governments had signified their willingness to negotiate. He then asked the Viscount's opinion as to the proper place to hold a Peace Conference. Russia desired to hold it at The Hague. The Viscount said that the Japanese Government probably would not consent to The Hague being selected, for it preferred that the Conference should be held in America. He pointed out that it was not customary for the victorious country to go to a place nearer the defeated country to negotiate for peace. The President suggested that it might be held somewhere between Harbin and Mukden. This proposal also seemed objectionable to the Viscount. He explained that there was a large Russian army in Harbin, while at Mukden there were strong Japanese forces. If any place between these two points should be chosen, there was danger that the commanders of the belligerent troops might interfere in the Conference by making various impossible suggestions to the negotiators.

The President feared that to call the Conference in America would create an idea, in the minds of European peoples, that the choice had been made to satisfy his selfish ambition, and was not inclined to favor the idea. Viscount Kaneko reminded him that there had been only two American Presidents before him who had gained world-wide fame. They were George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Washington helped America to attain independence and Lincoln secured the emancipation of slaves. Although both did great things, their achievements were domestic. If President Roosevelt

should succeed in ending the present war, he would be the first American President to initiate a grand work of world-wide importance. This honor would be his, Viscount Kaneko emphasized, if he decided to hold the Conference in America. As to the criticisms of others, they might well be ignored. The President finally agreed to his view, and consented to call the Conference in America; and Portsmouth was subsequently selected.

When the late Marquis Komura, the chief Japanese peace delegate, arrived in the United States, Viscount Kaneko expressed a desire to return home, saying that his mission had practically finished. Marquis Komura, however, insisted on his remaining in America. He hoped that the Viscount would remain in New York and conduct negotiations with President Roosevelt on his behalf. He said that this was what had been agreed upon among the Genro and the Cabinet Members. The Viscount acquiesced, and during the peace negotiations he worked very hard for the Japanese cause, though diplomatic considerations still render it impossible to narrate in detail what he actually did.

On the conclusion of the Peace Conference, Viscount Kaneko returned home with his important mission fulfilled. Prior to his departure, President Roosevelt gave a farewell dinner in his honor. In the course of a confidential conversation with the President after dinner, the Viscount said: —

'It is still fresh in my memory that on July 5 you suggested that as the Russian influence had been undermined in the war Japan should regard all the region east of Suez as a territory under her sphere of influence and should advocate a Monroe Doctrine for Asia. You hoped that Japan would thus form a firm resolution to prevent the European influence from invading

Asia, with a view to putting the Asiatic countries on a firm basis. I wish to know whether you have any objection to my acquainting my countrymen with your view in this respect on my return home.'

The President replied that he would not like to have his opinion heralded to the Japanese public at once, though he would not object to its being conveyed to the Genro and the Government authorities. He feared that its premature publication would put him in an awkward predicament, as he held the responsible position of President of the United States. He would publish it himself to the public at some appropriate time, but until that time he did not care to see it generally dis-

closed. The Viscount promised not to say anything further until the President made it public himself. The President then produced the bearskin which he had promised to present to the Emperor, and handed it to the Viscount, together with an autograph letter to His Majesty. These were duly presented to the Emperor in October 1905, when the Viscount returned home. His Majesty was particularly pleased when he listened to the Viscount's narrative of the history of the bearskin. In return for this present the Emperor sent the President a big suit of armor of red-threaded plates which is still kept in the residence of the late President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.

A PROGRAMME FOR SPANISH AMERICANS

BY JOSÉ VASCONCELOS

[The author is a well-known Mexican political writer and thinker. He belongs to a group that includes Manuel Ugarte of Argentina, Rufino Blanco Fombona of Venezuela, and other prominent Latin-American writers, who preach the political regeneration of the Ibero-American peoples, as a defense against Anglo-Saxon absorption. The article is taken from a longer letter addressed to the recently exiled President of the University Federation of Peru.]

From *Nosotros*, March

(BUENOS AIRES LITERARY AND POLITICAL REVIEW)

BAD government is not due to the caprice of a single man, but to the general corruption of society. Tyrants arise because a country lacks independent and courageous citizens. To-day we can no longer hope for salvation from the upper classes; because they can live comfortably in almost any part of the world, and prefer to emigrate rather than to sacrifice themselves fighting tyranny. Therefore the well-

to-do, who formerly were the bulwark of popular liberty in France, are with us but frail and impotent defenders of civic virtue. The hope of our age lies in the workers, by whom I mean all those who are compelled to earn their bread by personal services to society.

The producing classes must gain control of the government in order to socialize wealth and to lay new foundations for popular liberty. The error

of our public-spirited men has been to expect reform from the top of society instead of from the bottom. I remember that when I was living in exile at Lima, many generous-spirited Peruvian youths staked their hopes upon a party of progressive intellectuals and liberal gentlemen of wealth — upon a board of directors, without any shareholders among people of humbler rank. The result was that when political persecution came the masses did not lift a finger to defend them. As a result, this unhappy élite is still crying in the wilderness of exile, where its voice finds no response; precisely because it did not embrace the whole people in its scheme of things.

I remember discussing this subject at the time with one of the leaders of the aggressive reformers. I presumed upon his good nature to ask: 'Why don't you stop your political agitation for a while, and spend the funds you have collected for campaign purposes cleaning the streets or improving the harbor?' To tell the truth, these gentlemen never thought of paving streets, cleaning suburbs, building highways, starting schools. Unfortunately the same attitude prevails in all our Latin-American countries, notwithstanding that all these things are calling urgently for attention. No tyrant ever does anything really important for the general welfare. A tyrant may build a showy boulevard in order to give it his name, but the truly useful enterprises that are the silent signs of a progressive civilization can only be carried out by the coöperation of all the people. They are never the labor of a single man, but of a generation of industrious and free citizens.

I emphasize these points simply to illustrate how incompetent our political leaders are. They talk, they debate, they dispute, but rarely — practically

never — do they construct. What we need is a policy of labor — of course accompanied by freedom and social justice, but primarily an ardent call to labor. We are more than a century behind the rest of the world in the things I have mentioned, and we can make up for lost time only by working twice as hard as other countries — working without intermission, devoting ourselves for an entire generation at least to the unshowy, unpretentious task of lifting ourselves to the level of the more enlightened nations. Our culture is all in our heads. It does not externalize itself in our surroundings. In Peru, in Mexico, in Chile, foreigners build the railways and the bridges, work the mines, administer all the important enterprises. The natives live on politics, on the incomes of their landed properties, or on miserable government salaries.

This is why we have never succeeded in becoming truly independent nations. We have devised fictitious sovereignties that serve chiefly as an excuse for idling twenty or thirty days each year to commemorate battles fought for nothing, and constitutions that achieved nothing. Thus the very historical exploits that constitute our national traditions, no matter how noble they may be in themselves, are belittled and dishonored, for no human achievement is worth remembering unless it has been fruitful, unless it has been the starting-point for a worthy national or moral evolution. Our failures sully the great deeds of the founders of our liberty. We are vain, but we lack pride. We fancy ourselves the finest people in the world, and yet are not ashamed to live like parasites in a country where foreigners are developing the natural resources and carrying out all the constructive enterprises. We thereby lose faith in our own capacity. We are not able to

build a nation, and so we try to tear down what has been built by others.

We manifest in all our public acts the scorn that each caste feels for the twenty other castes into which we are divided. The caste system of Hindustan is founded on a venerable tradition, and ultimately upon differences of a spiritual order. The castes of Latin America merely register riches or poverty, yet they are no less rigid and exclusive for that reason. In Peru men speak with contempt of the *huachafó*, in Chile of the *roto*, in Mexico of the *pelado*. But in Mexico the revolution lifted the *pelado*, the humble countryman, from his lowly position, so that he could snap his fingers in the face of the *hacendado* — the landlord political boss — and lay down the law to him. Until the exploitation and abuse of the poorer classes stop, hatred will continue to divide the Spanish Americans against themselves, and render them powerless to resist either foreign or domestic enemies.

Our tyrants keep their places by flattering one caste to-day and another caste to-morrow. We can have no true democracy so long as castes exist. If we want to abolish tyranny, not in a single person but in all its monstrous reappearitions, we must elevate the *Indio*, the *cholo*, the *huachafó*, and all the oppressed in our national territories. We must eliminate even from our private conversation every trace of our present disdain, of our perpetual ridicule and contempt, for the poor *huachafó*, who often works more than his critics, and to that extent is a better servant of the country.

False patriotism is another bulwark of tyranny. Patriotism should always be love. Despots turn it into hatred in order to divert the wrath of the people from themselves to their enemies at home or to neighboring and kindred nations. We have never had a despot

in Spanish America who has not represented himself to his slaves as a champion of the national cause, as an avenger of national insults, as the living embodiment of national pride and honor. There is no sadder sight than a country that confides its fate to a single man, but it is even more humiliating to see a nation entrust its liberties to such a man in return for promises so illusory. It is not a nation's scourge but a nation's citizens who incarnate the fatherland. A despot is a worse enemy than twenty foreign armies. The fatherland means nothing unless it means liberty and justice. Order and peace are the bases of progress, but they are sterile unless they are founded on liberty and justice. It is far more important to have a just and free social order than to cultivate hatred for the foreigner.

Therefore I venture to say, though I realize that I am trespassing on delicate ground, that every time a Peruvian politician begins to talk about the Chile question you should distrust him. You should ask yourselves why he is so anxious to direct the energies of Peru toward something else than the country's immediate regeneration through labor and enlightenment. How can we recover our losses until we have corrected the faults that caused them? Let us first have done with internal discord. Let us build up our nation, multiply its resources, devote our whole energy to dethroning our tyrants at home. Then we shall be free and powerful enough to confront the tyrants abroad.

Foul sirens of despotism whisper foreign perils in our ears and chant hymns of morbid patriotism, when all that the tyrant really wants is soldiers to suppress strikes, to prevent protests, to fortify his arbitrary rule. It is far more courageous to fight a dictator who insults the soldiers of the country every

time he makes them present arms than it is to revile a foreign enemy, who is distant, and has not attacked us.

I know all this from my own experience. It applies not only to Peru, but to Mexico, to Venezuela, and to many another despot-ridden nation. The Santa Annas, Huertas, and Carranzas of my native land have breathed death and defiance to the Yankee at the very time they were bargaining for his aid or recognition to further their own private ends. Whenever men try to excite you against the people of Chile, and the people of Chile against yourselves, it is almost invariably for selfish and venal motives. Therefore bear in mind that the true enemy of the country is nearly always found at home, and seldom found abroad. The enemy of Latin-American progress is the Mexican hacendado, the Peruvian *gamonal*, the Argentine and Chilean *estanciero*. Exploiters have no country; they merely feign one to mislead their slaves. They foment hostility between peoples to augment their wealth or prestige.

The time has come for Spanish Americans to understand that they are brothers and have common interests. Our nationalism should be relegated to the secondary position of a moderate and worthy local pride. Our patriotism needs revision until we no longer think of ourselves as Peruvians, Mexicans, Argentinians, or Chileans. Only molusk souls cling blindly and stupidly to the rock of the fatherland. I speak brutally, perhaps, but I would deny my own fatherland the moment it sought to aggrandize itself at the cost of brother nations, instead of serving

and loving them as a brother nation should.

I likewise refuse to waste my thought and energies on the sterile hatreds of the past. If a man strikes me and is stronger than I am, so that I cannot defend myself, I do not go around bewailing my injury, but silently set to work improving myself so that I may repair the injustice. I look first to myself for the faults and weaknesses that make me a victim of the mischances of fate; and that should be the attitude of every citizen in respect to his country.

The first duty of every Chilean and Peruvian is to extirpate once and for all the venom of hatred that the unhappy Pacific War left behind it. Let us have that issue settled quickly, no matter in what way, and henceforth suppress promptly and thoroughly every hothead, selfish intriguer, or credulous fool who talks of a war that would make more irreconcilable than ever the division within our people of Iberian blood. We see the sober Anglo-Saxons of the North, with the wounds of their sanguinary Civil War long since healed, laying broad and deep the foundations of future power. Let the young men of Peru and Chile resolve that the wounds left by the War of the Pacific be likewise healed and leave no scar. Let them bury their territorial controversies; let the land go to those who use it best, who need it most; let there remain no monument to commemorate the crimes of the past. Let them erase from the pages of their history every record and legend of their fratricidal strife, so that not even a fading memory may be left to trouble their mutual friendship.

UNDER THE KREMLIN

BY GEORG POPOFF

From *Neue Freie Presse*, May 10
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

COLORFUL, many-towered, wistfully beautiful, visible from all directions upon its lofty site, the venerable Kremlin presents an imposing picture to the spectator. A sort of Chinese wall surrounds an area a little less than two kilometres in circumference, containing countless churches, palaces, and ancient edifices — a city in itself! Since the time that Prince Yurii Dolgorukii built his oak-log palace here in the twelfth century, and founded the city of Moscow, a picturesque procession of rulers has passed through the Kremlin. First came the Yaroslav princelings, with shrewd Kalita at their head; next rude conquerors from Tatar; then the dynasty of Muscovite tsars, with Ivan the Terrible as their most powerful representative; after them the Poles and the false Dmitri, followed by the first Romanoffs and Peter the Great. Napoleon came with his 'twenty-four-tongued army,' to be succeeded by the Russian emperors in the zenith of their power, and, last of all, by the acolytes of the five-pointed star, the founders of the 'only Communist Republic in the world.' Indeed, a varicolored carnival. Many have ruled their briefer or longer day in the Kremlin, all have been despots, and all have brought sorrow and suffering to Russia.

What wonder that after these vicissitudes and this bloody history the Kremlin should be a place of legends? The ghosts of Ivan the Terrible, of the murdered Dmitri, of the remorseful Godunov, and of many another tsar

have at different times been reported to wander through the palace city's dark passages at midnight. Only a few weeks ago, according to rumor, the Red Guards on sentry duty at the Kremlin brought terrified reports of having seen the spirit of Ivan the Terrible stalking at the witches' hour. It does not take a vivid imagination to foresee the time when future occupants of the Kremlin will fancy themselves disturbed by the nightly wanderings of the tortured spirit of bloody Lenin.

Within the last few weeks an incident has occurred that will surely deepen the atmosphere of uncanny mystery that envelops the Kremlin, although it has nothing to do with ghosts and haunted corridors. The Soviet Government has decided to make a systematic search for certain subterranean chambers in which, according to historical tradition, the secret library of Tsar Ivan IV, called 'the Terrible,' is concealed. This investigation has been undertaken at the instance of a well-known archæologist, J. Stelletsii. This savant has pointed out that the construction of the Kremlin walls in their present form was completed under Ivan III. That settled for all time the extent of the palace site. Subsequent expansion was by adding to the height or depth of its structures. There is no great group of buildings of equal age and character that has not subterranean chambers. The Kremlin is no exception. We already know of three subterranean passages that formerly existed under the Kremlin. One

connected with the building outside of Moscow occupied by Ivan the Terrible's executioner, Maluta Skuratov; the second passed under the 'Chinese City' — *Kilai-gorod*; the third connected the building with a Boyar Palace on the Mokhovaya. Since the Soviet authorities have occupied the place, they have discovered, connected with the last of these passages, a subterranean dungeon containing skeletons on which chains were forged.

Ivan the Terrible, who was a far-sighted and versatile ruler, was a passionate bibliophile. He also suffered from the mania of persecution. Wherever he stayed for any length of time, he had subterranean chambers built. This was true of the Kremlin. He concealed in such a hiding-place his famous library of eight hundred irreplaceable original manuscripts. Among them were the priceless manuscripts that the Greek princess, Sophie Paleologue, brought as her dower to her husband, Tsar Ivan III, in the fourteenth century.

Ivan the Terrible spared no expense and effort to procure rare books — especially Greek, Hebrew, and Latin manuscripts. His agents scoured all Europe and Asia for them. Bibliographical rarities were brought to the sinister despot from every corner of the earth. He transferred to his secret hiding-place in the Kremlin the immemorably ancient subterranean library of Prince Yaroslav the Wise.

Ivan the Terrible, however, did not know the ancient languages, and searched carefully for a suitable man to whom to entrust his secret treasures. Finally he believed he had discovered him in a German scholar, the Dorpat pastor, Westerman, whom he admitted to his buried literary hoard. Westerman was commissioned to translate some of these works into Russian, with the help of certain Russian priests.

Altogether, only seven people were ever admitted to the secret library — three Russians and four Germans. The work was never finished, according to tradition, because the Russian translators were unable to endure constant confinement in their subterranean quarters. Thereupon the Tsar flew into a rage and ordered the entrance to his secret library walled up, and all trace of it completely obliterated. Very shortly afterward he died. Since his time no one has been able to discover the hidden chamber where it is preserved.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to do so after Ivan's death. The Poles made a vain search when they were in possession of the Kremlin. Later Tsarina Sophie, who was a great patroness of learning, entrusted the same task to her father-confessor, Makariev. The latter succeeded in finding one of the subterranean passages, and a walled-up vault containing several chests. But it was a period of great disorder, and the Tsarina commanded the priest to keep his own counsels, deciding to wait for a more favorable time before pursuing her investigations. Almost immediately thereafter she was forced to surrender the Kremlin to Peter. Makariev died, but on his deathbed confided his secret to another priest named Ossipov, an energetic man, who devoted the remaining thirty years of his life to continuing the search. The Moscow archives contain full reports of his effort. They indicate that in 1724 he laid the matter before Peter the Great, and began excavations under that monarch's instructions. Again the work was interrupted by the Tsar's death. Later the Regent of Tsarina Anna Ivanovna lent an ear to the zealous Ossipov's pleas, and supplied him with funds to complete the excavations. Shortly afterward the reports

suddenly end, presumably on account of Ossipov's death.

More than one hundred and fifty years elapsed without anything further being done. Then a young instructor from Strassburg University, Doctor Edward Tremer, turned up in Moscow in 1891, with the request that he be permitted to search the Kremlin for old Greek manuscripts. He was unable to accomplish anything against the skepticism and opposition of Russian scholars, beyond gathering sufficient data to convince him that the subterranean library of Ivan the Terrible actually existed. Doctor Tremer later published in Germany a report of his investigations, which attracted some attention in Russia. The Tsar's Government actually did begin a little listless excavating, which was discontinued immediately after the outbreak of the war.

Now Professor Stelletsii thinks that these latest excavations revealed important hints as to the subterranean constructions in the Kremlin and argues: 'Now that a new era of culture is beginning in Russia, this labor of centuries should at last be concluded.' He quotes in support of this contention the following extract from Doctor Tremer's study of the subject: —

'We are dealing here not with an ordinary scientific investigation, interesting only to a small circle of scholars, but with the possibility of discovering a forgotten treasure, the loss of which would be a calamity for the whole civilized world. If this unique library were found, Russia might revive for Europe the opportunities that existed in the age of the Medicis, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, of recovering literary treasures of antiquity now supposed to be irretrievably lost.'

NEWSPAPER-MAKING À LA FRANÇAISE. II

BY ANDRÉ BILLY AND JEAN PIOT

From *Le Mercure de France*, May 1
(CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

THE great reporter spends a good deal of money. We French journalists are still rather limited when compared with our English or American colleagues, whose powerful journals pay them like Ministers of State and allot them almost limitless funds; but even in France it is a tremendous expense to send a special correspondent abroad. The special envoy receives a large credit, for which he must render account. Usually these accounts are accepted as a matter of confidence, for

a great journalist leads a difficult and sometimes a dangerous life and it is only right that he should live well and not stint himself. Nothing is asked of him, therefore, except a 'statement of expenses' for the sake of form and to calm the scruples of the cashier, who cannot be satisfied without a piece of paper of some kind.

Some merry stories are told in the editorial rooms — to the great amazement of young reporters — of the 'expense accounts' that have been

turned in by certain globe-trotting journalists. One man, returning from the Balkan wars, put into his account the chartering of a steamer and the purchase of a silk flag to indicate his neutrality and keep his house from being bombarded. The story also goes that another man turned in this account: —

To purchase of one horse	1200 frs.
Sold horse at 400 frs.	
To loss on sale	800 frs.
Total expense	2000 frs.

But there is no compulsion about believing this. Another man came back after running through ten thousand francs without having kept any daily expense account—he really had a good many other things to do—and so, when the cashier demanded an itemized account, the great reporter took out his notebook and wrote (this was before the war): —

Traveling expenses	300 frs.
Food	900 frs.
Lodging	800 frs.
Incidentals	8000 frs.
Total	10000 frs.

One does not permit these flights of fancy to a young editor or even an ordinary reporter, but one does tolerate them in stars. Not even the stars, however, get rich in the business.

And now, after having wandered on the trail of the star reporter from Dedeagach to Tokyo, let's come back to Paris—let's come back to the very midst of Paris, to the Palais-Bourbon and the Luxembourg. You might, if you want to amuse yourself,—there's no telling what a man will do to amuse himself,—read the *comptes rendus* of an important session of the Chamber. Read them in five or six different newspapers—not the so-called 'political newspapers,' but those that regard themselves as *journaux d'information*.

Then you will see how different the debates appear in one paper from the way they appear in another. Not that the reports are falsified,—oh no,—but they are not impartial. Just like the communiqué: they tell the truth, but not quite all of it. The thing is—we should hardly dare say altered or distorted, but simply colored a little bit. One paper dismisses in three lines, as insignificant, an incident to which its neighbor devotes a third of a column. A brief paragraph is enough for one newspaper to sum up the intervention of the honorable M. Blank—let us have no personalities in this article—while the speech of the man who contradicted him is reproduced almost in extenso, the treatment varying according to the politics of the paper. So the *chambrier* (legislative reporter) must be perfectly in touch with the policy of his paper. A really good *chambrier* knows it by divination—he smells it out.

In the Chamber, as in the Senate, the parliamentary reporters have a tribune of their own at the top of the room, directly opposite the President and the other tribune—the one where the orators hold forth. Newspaper managers and editors-in-chief have a box to themselves, on the lower floor, rather more comfortable. The chairs are bad in the press gallery and the desks not very large, but one can be quite comfortable at an ordinary session, for then the *chambriers* are alone and can work in peace. It is on the big days that their domain is invaded by men who happen to hold cards giving them the right to a seat in the gallery, 'if there is room'—and there always is room. Standing up, sitting down, squeezed in, jammed into a corner, exchanging observations, they follow the feverish debate in the semicircle below—and strangle. New arrivals appear and delicately insinuate them-

selves into the human mass. Others go out, chafing. Anyone who intends to be present in the press gallery during the big session is advised to procure feet void of all sensation.

In the middle of this confusion the chambriers do their work. It is one o'clock in the morning. The excellent M. Sylvain Molinié, *Député* from Aveyron, is engaged in an oration on behalf of some group or other which, to judge by his gestures and the pounding of his fist on his breast and the table, must be very eloquent, but which threatens to last a long time. As he finishes each new sheet of his speech, the distinguished orator tucks it under the tumbler and takes a sip of *vin blanc*. Glass follows glass, leaf follows leaf. As for hearing what M. Molinié may happen to be saying, don't think of it. The Chamber drowns his voice and greets the appearance of each new page with a fresh outburst, in which, naturally, the journalists are not the last to join. They think the joke has lasted long enough, for there is a morning session, an afternoon session, and a night session — a total of eleven hours almost without intermission. The deputies can go out and have a quiet dinner — nothing forces them to stay if they want to go; but up above, sitting on his narrow bench before his tiny desk, is the chambrier. It is easy to understand why he gives vent to his ill humor. He has n't any right to, of course, but he is shown a certain toleration and there is no use pretending that the press never mingles its voice in the outbursts at big sessions.

One day a luckless deputy, newly elected, ventured to call them to account. When the President demanded, '*Un peu de silence, messieurs! Un peu de silence!*' this imprudent individual, turning to the press gallery like a tale-telling schoolboy, cried: 'It 's these

confounded newspapermen who make so much noise.'

It was a rash thing to do. We don't know his name any more, and nobody else will ever know it without reading the *Journal Officiel*, for his interruptions, if he made any, were thereafter passed over in careful silence by every reporter in the Chamber, no matter of what political opinion. Thus does one punish a politician for despising the power of the 'fourth estate.'

In the Senate the atmosphere is not quite the same. In the Chamber you smoke your pipe. In the Senate you smoke only cigars and cigarettes. But then, the Salon de la Paix in the Palais-Bourbon is a mere hall, whereas in the Luxembourg the salons are real and magnificent. The tumult of the Chamber would be out of place here. Things are more easy-going than in the Chamber, but no less cordial. In the Chamber the journalists are herded together in the Salon de la Paix, or else high up in their little gallery. In the Senate everything is open, with the single exception of the floor itself. There is only one refreshment-room in the Luxembourg, and the journalists have access to it just like the Senators. In the Palais-Bourbon the journalists and the deputies are 'pals.' In the Senate they are friends. Then, too, the senatorial reporters are usually older than the chambriers. Without being exactly a sinecure, reporting does not require so much energy in the Senate as in the Chamber. The Senate does not meet so often, rarely sits at night, and deliberates with relative calm, amid 'disturbances' which, compared with those of the Chamber, are like a gentle breeze to a storm. It is a refuge for deputies who are growing old and wise and a haven for journalists ready to retire. The Senate is a place of good-fellowship and dignified endeavor.

A PARABLE IN PARODY

BY KAREL ČAPEK

[Though Karel Čapek is well known in America as a dramatist, many of our readers may not be aware that he likewise enjoys a very high reputation among his countrymen as a philosophical essayist. The following pseudo-Biblical dialogue is characteristic both of the man and of a present phase of Czechoslovakia's emotional history.]

From *Ruch Filosofický*, 1923
(PRAGUE PHILOSOPHICAL MONTHLY)

THERE came two angels to Sodom at eve; and Lot saw them and rose up to meet them; and he bowed low before them with his face to the earth.

And he said, 'Behold now, my lords, turn aside, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet and ye shall rise up early and go on your way.' And they said, 'Nay; but we will abide in the street all night.'

And he urged them greatly; and they turned in unto him, and entered into his house; and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread and they did eat.

And the strangers said unto Lot, 'Hast thou here any besides these whom we see? Thy son-in-law, and thy sons and thy daughters, and whomsoever thou hast in the city; bring them out of the place; for we will destroy this city because its sin and uncleanness have become an offense before the Lord.'

Lot was sore troubled when he heard this and said, 'Why should I leave this place?' Whereupon they told him, 'Because Jehovah does not wish to destroy the righteous.'

Lot was silent for a long time, but at length he said, 'My lords, kindly allow me to depart, and tell my sons-in-law and my daughters to prepare for our journey.' They answered him, 'Do so.'

And Lot went out and ran through the streets of the city and cried to all the people, 'Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy the city.' But he seemed unto them as one that mocked.

Lot returned home but did not lie down to rest. He sat up and thought the whole night through.

And when the morning dawned, the angels came again to Lot, saying, 'Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters which are here: lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.'

'I shall not go,' said Lot. 'Forgive me, but I shall not go. I have taken counsel with myself the whole night. I cannot leave, because I am one of the men of Sodom.'

'Thou art righteous,' protested the angels, 'but they are unrighteous, and their iniquities have angered Jehovah. What hast thou to do with them?'

'I do not know,' said Lot. 'I too have been considering what I have to do with them. All my life long I have complained of my countrymen and judged them so severely. Yet now it grieves me to think that they are doomed thus to perish: Aye, and when I came to the city of Segor, its inhabitants seemed to me more righteous than the men of Sodom.'

'Rise,' said the angels, 'and go to the city of Segor, for it will be spared.'

'What is Segor to me?' answered Lot. 'There is a righteous man in Segor: whenever I spoke with him, he complained of his countrymen even as I cursed the men of Sodom, because of their sins, but now I cannot go away. I beg you, leave me here in peace.'

But again the angels spoke and said: 'Jehovah hath bidden us to destroy the men of Sodom.'

'His will be done,' said Lot quietly. 'I have been thinking all the night through, and have remembered many things, until they caused me to weep. Did you ever hear the men of Sodom sing? No, you don't know them at all, or else you would not come in this way. When the maids go along the streets, they swing their bodies and hum a song through their lips; and they laugh when they draw water in the buckets. No water is clearer than that of the Sodom wells; and no language among all languages is sweeter to listen to. When a child speaks, I understand him as if he were mine; and when he plays, it is the game I used to play when I was little. When I wept as a child, my mother soothed me with the Sodom tongue. Dear Lord,' cried Lot, 'it seems as if that were but yesterday!'

'The men of Sodom have sinned beyond pardon,' said the second angel gravely, 'and therefore —'

'They have sinned, I know it,' interrupted Lot. 'But have you watched our craftsmen? They look as if they were playing; and when they fashion a fair vase, or weave a piece of linen, one's heart bounds with joy to watch their cunning hands. They are such skillful men that you could look at them all day long. And when you see them do ill deeds it pains you more than if you saw a man of Segor do them. It tortures you as if you yourself were guilty. What use is my righteousness to me if I am a man of Sodom? If you are judging Sodom, you are judging

me. I am not righteous. I am like them. I will not leave this place.'

'Thou wilt be destroyed with them,' said the angel with a clouded face.

'Maybe I shall; but first I shall try to save my fellow citizens from destruction. I don't know what I shall do; but to the last moment I shall think it my duty to help them. Do you think it easy for me to leave? I am opposing the Lord, and therefore he won't hear me. Oh, would that he grant me three years, or three days, or at least three hours! What would three hours matter to him? If he had bidden me yesterday: "Go away from their midst, for they are unrighteous," I should have told him: "Grant me a little time, I shall speak to this one and that one; I have been judging them instead of pleading with them to be righteous. How can I leave now, when they are to be destroyed? Am I not also one of the causes why they have sunk deep in sin? I don't want to die; but I must be sure that they will not be destroyed. I shall stay.'

'Thou wilt not save Sodom.'

'I know I shall not: I cannot do anything! But still I shall try, although I know not why; I only know I must stay. All my life I have condemned them more harshly than anyone else; I have borne with them my heaviest burden, their iniquity. Lord, I cannot put in words what they are to me; I can only show it by staying with them.'

'Thy countrymen,' said the angel, 'are those who are righteous and believe in the same Jehovah as thou; while the sinners, the wicked, the idolaters are not thy countrymen.'

'How can they not be my countrymen, when they are the men of Sodom? You do not understand me, because you do not know the voice of the flesh and the earth. What is Sodom? You say it is a wicked city. But when the men of Sodom fight, they don't fight

for their wickedness, but for something better than was or will be; and even the worst among them can die for the others. Sodom, that means all of us: and if I count for something before the Lord, let him ascribe my merits to Sodom, and not to me. What more can I say? Say to the Lord: "Lot, thy servant, will place himself before the men of Sodom and will defend them against thee, as if thou wert his enemy."

'Stop,' cried the angel. 'Terrible is thy sin; but the Lord hath not heard thee. Get ready, and leave this city: save at least thy wife and the two daughters thou hast.'

And Lot burst into tears: 'Yes, I must save them; you are right. Please lead me.'

But he lingered; and the angels laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hands of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him.

And when they led him out Lot prayed and said:—

'All that life gave me, it gave me through thy hands, O Sodom! It made my flesh of thy earth and put words into my mouth which are in the mouths of thy men and women; and behold, thus I kissed them with every word I uttered, even when I cursed them.'

'I see thee even when I shut my eyes, for thou art deeper in me than my eyes; thou art in me just as I was in thee.'

'Sodom, Sodom, art thou not the most beautiful of cities? And if I saw only a little window covered with striped linen, I should recognize it and say: "This is a window of Sodom."

'I am like a dog that they are taking out of the house of his master; even

when he drops his snout deep into the dust, in order not to see, he still recognizes the smell of the things he knows.

'I believed in the Lord and his law; in thee I did not believe, but thou art; the other countries through which I pass are unsubstantial as a shadow, where I cannot rest against a wall or a tree; they are indeed like a shadow.

'But thou art as nothing else. And all that is, is only real to me so far as I can compare it with thee. If I see thee, I see thee only, and if I see something else, I see it only in comparison with thee.

'I believed in the Lord because I believed him the God of Sodom. If there is no Sodom, there is no Jehovah.

'Ye gates, gates of Sodom, whither do they lead me—and into what emptiness? Where am I to put my feet? For there is no ground underneath me; and I stand as if I did not stand. Go on, my daughters, and leave me; I cannot go any farther.'

And they brought him forth and set him without the city. And it came to pass; when they had brought Lot and his family forth, the angels said: 'Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.'

The sun was already risen upon the earth when they said this.

Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire, from the Lord out of Heaven.

And when he beheld this, Lot turned round, shrieked, and ran back to the city.

'What art thou doing, thou accursed man?' cried the angels after him.

'I go to help the men of Sodom,' answered Lot, and he entered the burning city.

GEORGIE

BY L. ANDRO

[*This is the nom de plume of Frau Therese Rie, a well-known Viennese novelist and essayist.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung*, April 13
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

SOMEONE in our little group had just finished telling a story about the girlhood of his great-grandmother. She had once sat in a stagecoach next a fine-looking old gentleman who spoke a few friendly words to her; but since her mother had warned the little girl not to talk to strangers she returned nothing but cold monosyllables — only to find later on, to her indescribable discomfiture, that the old gentleman whose acquaintance she had so bluntly rejected was none other than Goethe himself. We all laughed at the little goose from the provinces and agreed that in our own day, with all our newspapers and illustrated weeklies, it would be quite impossible for a famous man to escape recognition in any such way.

‘And yet it is possible after all,’ said the doctor; chuckling. ‘This very summer I myself met one of the most famous individuals on the planet without so much as suspecting who he was. Let me tell you about it.’

I happened to be staying at one of those little mountain hotels in Savoy which are favorite resorts for Italian families from Milan or Turin. A number of late comers, unable to find accommodations, were furious with the proprietor because the so-called ‘royal suite’ on the first floor stood empty; but that gentleman insisted vehemently that the suite had been engaged for months by Mr. Douglas B. Shriek, of California, and, having been paid for,

must be reserved. The awed tone in which he uttered the name made it clear enough that this must be one of those great men who deal in oil or mines or railroads, and all of us were on pins and needles as we waited for the arrival of the American family, which — amid an uncommon stir and much dashing about of bellboys, couriers, and secretaries — soon took place.

They were typical American nouveaux riches. Mr. Douglas B. Shriek was a stout, serious gentleman who spent most of the day struggling with his gigantic correspondence. The ladies of the family were much livelier. It was their ambition to look like sisters — at least such was the ambition of Mrs. Shriek, who strove to match her twenty-year-old daughter Mabel in her clothes, her general appearance, and her bearing, and who, by a discreet use of cosmetics and by maintaining a proper distance from the beholder, achieved her goal. There was also Mr. Jeff H. Shriek, a fine young fellow of about eighteen, whose day’s work was observed to consist chiefly of visiting the bar. Last of all there was Georgie, a pale, sickly youngster of unattractive appearance, eight or nine years old, to whom no one paid any attention at all.

At first the Shriek family kept their distance from the rest of us, doubtless on account of their rank and position, but at length this seemed to weary them. The liveliness of the three middle members of the family broke

through the barriers and we began to meet them at dinner and in the social rooms of the hotel, where they danced and flirted with the Italians, making a considerable commotion, while Mr. Shriek carried on grave and sagacious conversations with Milanese bankers, and little Georgie, alone and unheeded, played in the garden.

There were only a few children in the hotel and they understood nothing but Italian, but it looked very much as if Georgie would have had little enough to do with them in any case, even if there had been no linguistic difficulties. He was a pale little chap, whose handsome face had a hard, bitter, worried look about it, and whose eyes were perpetually blinking as if the light hurt them. He had a rather neglected look, his hair was too long, his clothes might have been better. I thought I noticed that he had a special diet, and that sweets were denied him. Once I heard Miss Mabel Shriek say: 'He seems better already,' in a tone that seemed as anxious as if she were saying just the opposite. Mrs. Shriek sighed: 'Yes, he grows so fast!' and she seemed as sad about it as a poor mother who could not afford to buy new clothes for her boy. Mrs. Shriek and Miss Shriek were wearing expensive pink georgette-crêpe that day, and each had a small fortune in pearls around her neck.

I felt sorry for the little boy who seemed so lonely and so badly treated, and I tried to strike up an acquaintance with him, but Georgie was by no means an agreeable child. He gave me a sharp, distrustful look, vouchsafed only the most grudging answers, and it was not hard to see that he much preferred to be let alone.

One day, by accident, I happened to see Mr. Shriek's mail at the desk. The letters were imposing communications from American banks and stock companies, and they all bore the address:

'Mr. George H. Shriek.' That was queer, because Mr. Shriek Senior's name was Douglas, his older son was named Jeff, and there was no George in the whole family except the little boy, to whom this important-looking correspondence could hardly be addressed. But I had neither time nor inclination to trouble myself with the Shriek family affairs, and was already making preparations for departure when I was thrown again into contact with the Americans.

Little Georgie had an attack of stomach trouble. Until then I should have been inclined to accuse his family of neglecting him, but now they flew into a passion of anxiety to save his life, which had no relation at all to the trivial nature of his illness. Having more confidence in a German than an Italian doctor, they sent for me to attend the little fellow, whose mother never left him night or day, and who had two attendants and a wholly unnecessary nurse summoned from Turin by telegraph. I was able to quiet them down with assurances that the little boy would be as bright and cheerful as ever in two or three days — or at least as bright and cheerful as it was in him to be. Mr. Shriek Senior and Mr. Shriek Junior, who for these few days forgot all about banking and the hotel bar respectively, began to breathe again, and Miss Mabel asked me in much excitement whether her beloved little brother would get better sooner if she lighted a candle before the Madonna in the village church. She was not a Catholic, but, being in Italy, seemed to feel like giving the Madonna a chance to show what she could do. I replied that I did not know whether the Madonna regarded foreigners in Italy as within her province or not, but that in any event I did not think any sacrificial offering was necessary, because the little boy was already on the

way to recovery. Miss Mabel breathed easier.

'Well, then, I'll do it anyhow, because Poppa' — she referred to her parent by a word not customary in the better circles of American society, one that came naturally to her because of other spheres in which she had recently lived — 'because now Poppa can begin a deal in oil!' Here was a puzzle. What had Mr. Shriek's deals in oil to do with the health of little Georgie? But Miss Mabel did not seem inclined to be communicative, and at all events it was time for me to leave.

I went on to Rome for a fortnight, at the end of which I fell into the hands of Miss Pratt. This was my fate, always and inevitably. Miss Pratt was an American spinster who spent four months every year in Europe and who during those four months seemed able to be in several places at the same time. If you had once met her, you never lost her again. Her chief interest in life was to try to see famous men or, if a famous man had unfortunately died too soon for her, at least to see his grave. Just as sure as you stood with an ironic smile before the so-called grave of Hamlet in Elsinore, you would hear somebody behind you wiping away a tear — and that would be Miss Pratt. If you stood in Paris looking thoughtfully at the melancholy weeping-willow over the grave of Alfred de Musset, you might be certain that someone would be plucking a branch from it — and that too would be Miss Pratt. If you sat down at a dinner in Berlin in honor of Gerhart Hauptmann, your neighbor at the table would be the omnipresent Miss Pratt.

So I was not at all surprised, standing by the tomb of Palestrina in Saint Peter's one evening, to see a long shadow, which must necessarily belong to Miss Pratt, fall across it. As we walked about the city, she told me that

she had stopped off on her way to Tutankhamen's tomb to see Mussolini. Not being greatly interested in Miss Pratt's story, I began to describe my own travels, including the hotel where I had lived for a couple of weeks. Scarcely had I mentioned the name of the place when Miss Pratt's countenance exhibited much emotion.

'I am going there myself,' she said. 'I had all sorts of trouble finding out that he was staying there. You must have seen him.'

'Seen whom?'

'You ask that? Whom could I mean except the darling of a whole world, Georgie!'

'I don't remember any Georgie,' I said, trying to think of the people there. 'Oh yes. There was a pale, surly little kid about nine years old named Georgie Shriek. You don't mean him, certainly!'

'That's the one!' she cried. 'No one like him in the world! The very personification of everything pathetic and emotional!'

'*Um Himmels Willen!* Who is this Georgie?'

Miss Pratt looked at me in amazement.

'You really don't know?'

I shook my head.

'Incredible!' said she. 'Incredible!' and looked at me as if I were emerging from a madhouse. We had stopped in the middle of the Via Nazionale. She seized my hand.

'There!' she cried and pointed. 'Don't you see him?'

We were standing in front of a moving-picture theatre whose posters announced in letters of flame the single word: 'Georgie.' Ten paces farther on was another in front of which was written in letters as big as a man: 'Georgie.' Things began to dawn on me. 'Then Georgie must be —'

'The cleverest kid in moving pic-

tures!' she cried enthusiastically. 'The most famous person on the planet. But you can't get to know him, because he is so worn out with interviewers and curious people that his parents have to hunt up the most out-of-the-way places in order to get a little privacy. It cost me quite a bit to find out that Gerogie films were not to be imported into Italy for a few days, from which I concluded that this must be the only country in the world where he could have an undisturbed vacation. Oh, you simply must see Georgie in the films! He is the richest child in the world! He owns palaces and railroads! But his specialty is playing the part of a poor unhappy little boy who begins to see his first ray of sunlight in the sixth reel. Nothing could be more shocking in our democratic country than the existence of such an oppressed sacrifice to a capitalistic society!

'I don't see where the boy gets it. They say he has wise parents who don't coddle him. I understand they are simple, quiet people who live only for their boy and try to make him happy, but nevertheless Georgie plays parts of misery and dejection as no one else can.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Do step into that movie. I'm leaving this very evening. I can hardly wait to see Georgie, the real live Georgie!'

Miss Pratt departed hurriedly -- and I did n't go into the movie. But four days later I came across her in Florence, in front of the tomb of the Medici, thoroughly disappointed. The Shriek family had left the hotel before she got there. Some people from Milan had recognized the boy, and his parents wanted to keep him from any coddling for fear he might learn to smile before the sixth reel. They had vanished, no one knew whither, but it is to be hoped that Mrs. Shriek and Miss Shriek are still flirting somewhere, and that Mr. Shriek is doing a good business on the strength of his famous son's name.

'Such was my contact with world fame,' concluded the doctor, 'and I'm not prepared to ridicule the narrowness of the little country girl who repulsed Goethe. For after all, nobody knows about Goethe except a few civilized nations, but Georgie is a household word to Papuans, Greenlanders, and Indians.'

LISZT IN BERLIN

BY RUDOLF VON BEYER

[The manuscript of this article forms part of the literary remains of the German poet and novelist, Rudolf von Beyer, who was in Berlin when Liszt visited the city in 1842.]

From *Vossische Zeitung*, March 22
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

LISZT was in Berlin! One concert followed close upon another in the Singakademie, in the Opera House, in the Aula, in the Hôtel de Russie, everywhere. The Berliners, especially the women, were fascinated by Liszt, went quite mad over him. Whoever could scrape up a thaler — or two thalers for an orchestra seat — simply had to go and hear the ‘Orpheus of the modern world.’ The leading salons opened their doors to the ‘King of the Empire of Tone’ and the best society took him to its heart. The most interesting women competed for his favor, the plutocracy entertained him at luxurious dinners, and in spite of it all Liszt remained the careless rich man pouring out the treasures of his genius with both hands. Cornelius was sick and longed to hear him. Liszt was quite willing to go to him and play. Bettina von Arnim, the ‘child’ of Goethe’s letters, still intellectually inclined, mothered him and took charge of his free hours. One morning he went with her to visit the sorrowing family of a great artist who had recently died. Liszt entered, serious and reserved, respecting their sorrow, a man of fine feeling through and through.

‘Well,’ said the ‘child’ suddenly, ‘are you going to keep your gloves on to-day?’

‘No, not if you wish —’ and Liszt sat down at the piano.

‘Play something cheerful now,’ whis-

pered Bettina to him, and instantly jolly waltzes were dancing from the keys, and the hands and feet and head of the virtuoso danced in time to them so merrily that joy revisited the house for the first time and every face began to wear a more cheerful aspect. Liszt did not say farewell, but promised another visit and — kept his word, *una cosa rara* with great geniuses.

Liszt’s compelling appeal lay in the unusual combination of a God-given artistry and a personal charm which did not find its least important expression in his limitless charities. Money flowed to him and he received costly gifts here in Berlin, but at the same time he was making substantial contributions to charitable purposes and giving freely to the needy who swarmed about him. For example, he made up his mind to give a concert for the benefit of the invalid fund of the University on the very morning preceding his departure, playing in the overcrowded hall of the hotel, at two thalers a person. At one concert every ticket had been taken. Two students who had come from Leipzig to hear him went to Liszt to see whether he could get them tickets. Liszt explained regretfully that all business arrangements were in the hands of his secretary and that he could do nothing for them.

‘But if you have an hour to spare,’ said the artist pleasantly, ‘just sit down and I’ll play for you here, so that

you may not have come to Berlin in vain.'

Pictures of the musician were sold on every hand. One boy selling plaster casts was advised to go to the Hôtel de Russie, where he would dispose of a good many. On the steps he met a gentleman with flowing locks. 'Won't you buy a Liszt?'

'What do they cost?'

'Two and a half Silbergroschen.'

'Am I as cheap as all that?' laughed Liszt and gave him a thaler.

The piano-movers got four thalers every time they worked for him and received in all nearly one hundred and thirty. It soon became known that he never replied to a begging letter under a thaler. The managers of an organization for poor relief, the *Fons Caritatis*, appealed to him and the master consented to give them a concert. He played like a magician. Poems and laurel wreaths filled the air. Liszt took up the laurels and laid them on Beethoven's *Sinfonie*. . . .

Immediately after the first concert some ladies were very anxious to steal the broken strings of the piano. Gentle hands embroidered him a pillow and slippers. People tried to get possession of his gloves, or a line, or a signature. I have before me a clever comic paper depicting in caricatures the Liszt madness among the ladies. It has the titles: 'A Liszt Fantasy,' 'Melody,' and 'Three Riders Were Riding.' The first picture shows a four-horse team drawing a coach — Liszt's 'cash wagon.' The coachman is feeding his horses with laurel wreaths. Underneath are the words: —

*Der Wagen ist mit Geld gefüllt,
Mit Lorbeer der Kutscher die Pferde stillt.
Er braucht kein Heu zu kaufen fürs Vieh,
Sein Herr hat Kränze genug für sie!*

(With gold the coach is loaded down.
The coachman to his horses feeds,
Instead of hay, a laurel crown —
The master has plenty for his steeds).

The second picture shows a lady kneeling before the artist: —

*'Meine Dam', was wollen Sie doch von mir?'
'Ach, liegen werd' ich so lang' allhier,
Bis ich geküsst die reizende Hand
Die so zu Herzen zu spielen verstand.'*

('Dear lady, what do you seek of me?'
'Oh, I will never rise from my knee
Till I have kissed those charming hands
Of him who the heartstrings understands!')

The last picture of all shows two ladies on a divan, contemplating with melancholy glances Liszt's portrait, while their maid on her knees is also gazing at the beloved features: —

*Die eine sieht links, die andere rechts;
Der Jungfer von beiden schlägt selbst das Herz.
Herr Liszt hat allen die Herzen entwandt,
Es reicht eine jede so gern ihm die Hand!
O weh, o weh, o weh!*

(One to the left and one to the right,
And both the damsels' hearts a-beating.
Herr Liszt has snared all hearts at sight,
Each lady is his for the merest greeting.
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!)

The farewell to the idolized artist was taken in charge by the ladies and the students. He was accorded the unusual academic honor of an especially selected festival committee. A deputation of students waited upon him at the Hôtel de Russie, in the Oranienburger Strasse, where Liszt was living, and — amid unending shouts and applause from the people, the waving of handkerchiefs by elaborately dressed ladies, and a deafening fanfare from an orchestra — escorted the artist to an open coach drawn by six horses. Two students sat with the guest of honor between them and three others sat opposite him, while the coach was driven to Unter den Linden, where it met the committee and the procession. Then the parade moved toward the castle in the following order: first came a student as marshal, then gendarmes, then the 'Claudian' six-wheel wagon with a uniformed

band, then Liszt's coach completely surrounded by mounted students, and after it an endless trail of other carriages, some of them with four horses, while the post alone had ordered one hundred and twenty horses.

The *Via triumphalis* was lined with ladies in brilliant gala dresses and the fair waved their hands and sobbed in every window. Places in the windows were let at two louis d'or apiece. Liszt was kept busy returning the greetings. The procession went through Königsstrasse, Landsberger, and Frankfurter, to the Frankfurter Thor and then through the Friedrichsfeld. Baron von

Treskow, the hospitable proprietor of the castle, — in which Queen Louise had often visited, — when the students requested permission to hold a *Kommers* and farewell banquet in the castle gardens in honor of the artist, offered to entertain Herr Liszt and all the rest as his own guests, and promised five hogsheads of good red wine plus three hundred bottles of champagne. Polizeipräsident Puttkammer came in person to make the necessary arrangements. 'How shall I bring myself to say farewell to Berlin?' the virtuoso is said to have remarked, but his words were drowned amid loud hurrahs for Liszt.

OLIVE SCHREINER: A WOMAN OF GENIUS

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

[The present article appears apropos of the recently published *Life of Olive Schreiner*, by S. C. Cronwright, her husband.]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, April 26
(LONDON LIBERAL WEEKLY)

It is not very likely that anyone under thirty has read anything written by Olive Schreiner; and perhaps no one, or very few, will read her in the future, for her work is of her time, not of all time. Yet, as is recorded by all who knew her, she had that unusual and powerful quality at which we fling the word 'genius.' We cannot define it; but we recognize it, although we may be hard put to it to say what it is. The word is applied to people of very different qualities; we need not here attempt to say what is the common element. Perhaps it is simply vitality.

Olive Schreiner was not a bit like

Shakespeare, or Leonardo, or Goethe. She was more like Shelley, except that she was not a poet; and she had something of Joan of Arc. Whatever her view, it was always passionately her own. She had not mere opinions, or prejudices, as most people have; nor had she wisdom like Goethe, nor comprehensiveness like Shakespeare. What she had was conviction. Here, for instance, is a characteristic scene. She was talking to Rhodes, and something was said that aroused her. Whereupon 'she broke into one of her tremendous storms; so violent was she in her utterances — which were never personal,

much less insulting, at such times — that she not only hammered her fists violently on her head and on the table, but also banged her forehead on it with such force that the guests actually were alarmed lest she would injure herself. . . . I have seen similar frenzies often; she lived on the verge of such outbreaks, and a trifle could send her over the line, when she became almost as though violently mad, except that her reason was not affected.'

Nothing in her was secondhand. She had not much chance of education in the ordinary sense of the word, but what was offered her she rejected with determination. She was the only free-thinker in her family, and she had to pay for it by the sort of amenities that may be expected in a society living still among seventeenth-century issues. When she was a small child she discovered — apparently for herself — the Sermon on the Mount, and rushed to her mother, crying, 'Look what I've found! Look what I've found! It's what I've known all along! Now we can live like this!' Her reward, we are told, was 'some cold words of reproof,' and, as she said, 'she never got over the shock.'

From that moment, perhaps, dates her detachment from Christianity. 'Personally,' she writes, 'I owe nothing to the teaching of Jesus. Except the fifth and sixth chapters of Matthew, no part of his teaching ever touched me as a child, and from the time I was fourteen, when I ceased to read the Bible or to go to church, Christianity has been almost nonexistent for me; I have lived to an extent you would hardly understand in quite a different world.' That world was built up for her by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer on the one hand, and by Shelley and Emerson and Browning on the other. But Goethe also, by his *Wilhelm Meister*, contributed to her illumination, as

we are told in the vivid notes of Mr. Arthur Symonds: 'The revelation of this cold, impersonal art — not hatred of wrongdoing, but simply understanding and painting life as it is — has helped to break or weaken the overwhelming sense of sin, the conscience which she inherits from her Puritan ancestors, and which she finds to be exaggerated. In Goethe sin is unknown.'

The magnetism which drew her to these writers is probably unintelligible to contemporary youth, but every Victorian of her date will understand it. For the later Victorians were as religious as the earlier. The difference was that they wanted to breathe in the open air and not in a prison. The open air has proved colder and more unfriendly than they suspected, and some are taking refuge in the old cells. But this Olive Schreiner never did. She died, as she had lived, a freethinker who was also religious.

This position she worked out for herself in the solitudes of South Africa, and the harassing life of a governess in Boer families. 'The best and noblest years of my life,' she writes later, 'when I learned and grew most, were when I was a poor little governess earning £25 a year and tying my shoes with red-flannel strips because they would have fallen off otherwise, so full of holes they were.' When she came to England and *The Story of an African Farm* brought her suddenly into fame, she met some of her teachers, and suffered the not uncommon disillusionment. Of Herbert Spencer, for instance, she said 'that he was tall and lank and walked about saying scornfully, "What was a lord to him? he cared nothing for lords. . . ." He talked to her a little, and asked her if she played bowls, which he said — in philosophic language, no doubt — was a pretty good game. She came to the conclusion she had no wish to see him again, or any

other great person, under such circumstances.' 'Under such circumstances' is the saving clause. Even Heine got nothing out of even Goethe, when he visited him. Olive also met Mr. Gladstone, who was a tremendous admirer of her book, and she makes two interesting remarks about him. One: 'I was quite unprepared to find Gladstone such a wonderful child of genius — nothing else. He's all genius.' The other: 'Oh, the cute old devil! One never knows what card he has up his sleeve!'

Gladstone reminds one that Olive Schreiner was interested as much in politics as in literature. Her recently published study of South Africa is one of the most illuminating things written on that subject. She was English and German by birth, but she had lived with and understood the Boers. And, when the South African War came, she was on their side. Before this she had met Rhodes, and been fascinated by him as he was by her; for genius of one kind calls to genius of another, and Rhodes had genius, though hardly of a celestial kind. On first meeting him, she records that she had a 'mysterious feeling.' 'It's not love; it's not admiration. . . . It's not that I think him noble or good. . . . It's the deliberate feeling, "That man belongs to me."' But it was not long before she found how opposed they were in their purposes, however congenial in their temperaments. 'When we got on the native question we ended by having a big fight, and Rhodes got very angry.' Then 'there came a day when Rhodes and Sivewright were on the Matjiesfontein railway-station; we had a talk, and my disappointment at Rhodes's action was so great that when both he and Sivewright came forward to shake

hands I turned on my heel and went to my house. I heard him knocking at the door, but did not open it.'

'She was the only English person,' says her husband, 'as far as I know, who had anything like a correct apprehension of what the coming war meant.' We remember still the young officers going out with their golf clubs for a lark — a lark which cost some 20,000 English lives, the death of 16,000 Boer women in the 'protection' camps, and £200,000,000 to subdue 50,000 Boers. But it was not merely the losses which moved Olive Schreiner. She thought the war was wrong. She was not a public speaker; but Mr. Nevinson heard her address a meeting in this crisis, and writes: —

Though she stood perfectly still, she was transfigured into flame. I have heard much indignant eloquence, but never such a molten torrent of white-hot rage. It was overwhelming. When it suddenly ceased, the large audience — about 1500 men and women — could hardly gasp. If Olive Schreiner had called on them to storm Government House, they would have done it.

During the Great War she was in England, and a pacifist, if not an active one. 'Olive was opposed to every war,' her husband writes, and he quotes one poignant entry from her journal: 'Oh, why can't I die to save one of these beautiful young lives that are dropping everywhere, in all countries and of all nations — Turks, English, German, French, Italian? It is all one to me what their nationality is.' He adds: 'This great war was the shattering of her beautiful hopes for mankind.' Of how many more is not that true! Olive Schreiner died in 1920, and the last utterance recorded of her is, 'We all get broader as we get older.' It was true, at any rate, of her.

BUYING A CARPET

BY E. M. G.

From the *Manchester Guardian*, April 30
(RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

APRIL has filled the streets of Sofia with white blossoms. A silvery tissue flecked with young green, dazzling in the sunshine as Byzantine brocade, flutters in every gust of the mountain breeze; and Dado Daniil, in rivalry, has put up a rope between two trees on the Boulevard and hung his carpets out for sale. As rugs are displayed here in the streets to attract the passing customer, prudent buyers walk round from the old Mosque to the new market to see what there is and to compare colors and weavings before settling down to talk about prices, so we have already cast an eye over Dado Daniil's wares before coming back to bargain. With a twinkle in his eye he expresses his satisfaction.

'I am glad you have returned. *Aferim!* It was hard to see you walk away; but explain to Madame, please, I was engaged with a customer and could not leave. I have such stock as it will be sweet to you to see! Oh, if only I could speak your language! But come. Yes, that rug you saw hanging from the balcony in Ulitza Maria Luisa is also mine, and you shall see it; but first come to my warehouse in Lomska.'

'How shalt thou leave thy carpets here?'

'The grandmother will look after them.'

'Is she thy wife?'

'No, and no kin of mine, but she also has her wares to sell.'

Grandmother, who sells shoelaces and is hopelessly infirm, seems quite

ready to protect a pile of carpets in a crowded street; so we follow our guide.

Stalwart, short, and gray, walking with a limp which possibly dates from some frontier incident, Dado Daniil steps out briskly enough. Neatly attired as he is, in brown homespun with a high black sheepskin cap and a broad red sash, the thought that he resembles a stage bandit has never crossed his mind; and if he has any doubt about the first impression made on a stranger by his warehouse it is the least of his cares. And certainly in the little dark room behind a wineshop in Ulitza Lomska the misgivings — if any — are not his, but ours. The window is very heavily barred; the small space is nearly filled by three bedsteads, the clothes being thrown back to air, and it is on one of these that we are courteously invited to sit. Two silent men come out of what I must call the bar, to sympathize, also to lend a hand with the heavier rugs from the 'stocka' — yes, it is an English word — piled up behind the door.

Scarlet with yellow and black and green; scarlet and blue and lilac; orange, petunia, and white, they are passed in review. 'See, Gosposha, it is all wool! Look at the fringes; no cotton there! Strong and good. You shall not go away and say that the Lame One has deceived you, selling you rubbish. Aie! Aie! Not suitable?' For sulphur yellow with emerald green and black would outface our English chintzes. 'A-ah! I understand. Not suitable for the lady's purpose; for my rugs are fit

for the best. Look at the wool. Feel it, how greasy it is, and smooth — not rough and full of ends.'

Suddenly the door is flung open, and in flung three men in tall black sheepskin caps and heavy sheepskin coats; yet another is muffled in shaggy gray goatskins, plainly the driver of the Iskretz autobus, and this must be the house of call for passengers; for, without a word, they dump down by the bed a sack of seed corn, a two-gallon wickered jar, a bag with some young pigs in it who squeal a little, and a tin box full of omnibus tickets. The four go out; the little pigs, accepting their discomforts, make no further comment on them, and the two men from the wineshop have lit cigarettes and, warming to their work, get out a much bigger carpet.

Seas of carnation flow over all the space available and some that is not, islands of soft and vivid color are scattered over the seas. When Maeldune on his voyage came to the Island of Flowers, with the 'million of roses that sprang without leaf or thorn from the bush,' he never, I am persuaded, saw such islets as these, where the faint wan green of April is blended with mauve, nor such orange and dull blue and lavender, such purple and rose; nor the peach-blossom and violet, the lemon and pomegranate flower of the circlets strewn over that gorgeous flood. For a moment the thought of a dull, decorous room in London altered beyond all knowledge dazzles the vision. Why not? Only a little courage, just a little more than you have got, and Joy shall enter through the doors of Everyday. Quick, before the courage goes!

'What is the size, O Dado Daniil?'

'Too big — *mnogo shiroci!*' It cannot be. There shall be no transfiguration of a sober room; no shock to the dim proprieties of Holland Park. But there remain the smaller rugs, the lesser

gayeties. The friendly men out of the bar lay them over the beds. We behold flame color and turquoise and tawny orange, and on the dark border the quaint conventional pattern that Bulgarian weavers call 'the squirrels,' the curving lines being meant to represent squirrels with their tails over their backs.

Rather to my surprise the bargaining is brief. A rough guess at the weight of the wool, the cost of weaving, and Dado Daniil's price seems fair enough.

'You will take it? May you live long to use it and bequeath it to your grandchildren's children!' We shake hands warmly. One of the silent sympathizers remains to help fold up the rugs; the other turns and waits to go.

'And now a little glass of brandy? No? Oh, not *ordinary* brandy; one might call it "ladies' brandy," with raspberries in it. No? Then drink with me a cup of coffee. Stay a little. Pleasant people you are to me. I employ three hundred girls to weave for me. Are you interested in weaving? You desire a wooden comb such as we use in making carpets? I will get one for you for that sweet word.' The 'sweet word' being the 'Yes' which concluded the bargain. Over our coffee and chat we gloat over the soft bright colors that will deal kindly with our 'European' chintzes.

In Sofia there is no 'free delivery'; when you go shopping you carry home your purchases. But a porter is found to shoulder our rug, and we prepare to be well chaffed by Bulgarian friends. Now in these hard times every purchase is an event; everybody wants to know exactly what you have bought, where you got it, and what you gave for it; and of course there will be humorous groans over 'these foreigners who ruin prices.' But this time, though we are well scolded for going out alone to buy, it is agreed that the price is reasonable.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE MISSED TRAIN

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Winter Owl*]

How I was caught
Hieing home, after days of allure,
And driven to an inn — small, obscure —
At the junction, fret-fraught!

How civil my face
To get them to chamber me there —
A roof I had passed scarce aware
That it stood at the place.

And how all the night
I had dreams of the unwitting cause
Of my lodgment. How lonely I was;
How consoled by her sprite!

Thus onetime to me . . .
Dim wastes of dead years bar away
Then from now! But the like haps to-day
To young lovers, may be.

Years, years as gray seas,
Truly stretch now between! Less and less
Shrink the visions then great in me. — Yes,
Then in me. Now in these.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BYRON AND HIS DOCTOR

THE recollections of the physician who attended Lord Byron during his residence at the Casa Saluzzi in Genoa have been brought to light after long neglect, in a recent issue of the *London Daily Telegraph*. The preservation of these interesting facts about Byron is due to Mr. Aaron Watson, who boasts that 'there is only one handshake between myself and Lord Byron.'

This odd statement is literally true. In 1874 Mr. Watson met an old physician, Dr. Alexander, who had been assistant surgeon to the Scots Greys at Waterloo and who continued to practise medicine although he was well over eighty when Mr. Watson met him. While Byron was in Genoa, he asked Lord Burke to recommend a physician to him and in this way came in contact with Dr. Alexander, who for a long time visited the Casa Saluzzi every other day.

Dr. Alexander recounted to Mr. Watson a number of incidents illustrating Byron's morbid sensitiveness with regard to his deformed foot. One day when the poet was sitting talking with the British Consul at Genoa with his legs stretched out and his feet crossed, he accidentally placed his left foot uppermost. Dr. Alexander's attention was attracted by its unfortunate malformation. He appears to have done no more than glance at it, knowing nothing of Byron's extreme sensitiveness, and was surprised to see the poet's face flush and his eyes gleam with irritation as he quickly withdrew his foot.

The physician made another unfortunate blunder of this sort when at a later date he forwarded to Byron, who had left Genoa temporarily, a

newspaper containing a sentence of criticism which he had not observed. It came back from the poet with an indignant comment. 'We have received Lord Byron's new poem,' said the newspaper, 'and are not pleased with it. The deformity of his foot seems to have got into his verse.' The brutality of the comment is a good illustration of what passed for criticism at the time. Byron once told Dr. Alexander that 'that foot has been the bane of my life.' He also told him how he had once gone to London to have it amputated. The surgeon to whom he went refused to perform the operation and Byron eventually gave up the idea.

Byron was at this time struggling with corpulency. His only indulgence was gin and water, which he drank when he wrote at night, paying no heed to his physician's warnings of the consequences. He was living mainly on biscuits and a peculiar kind of dry food which he obtained from Turin. He at this time entertained the conventional romantic ideas of suicide and once asked his physician, 'Which is the best and quickest poison?'

'Dr. Polidori used prussic acid.'

'Ah,' said Byron, 'I had n't heard of that. Polidori, you know, was once with me.'

His physician insisted that much of Byron's melancholy rose from a purely physical cause, his inactivity, against which he himself was constantly inveighing. 'A man ought to do something more for mankind than write verse,' he used to say, and on one occasion he added: 'If I live ten years longer, you will see that it is not for nothing. It may seem odd to you, but I don't think literature is my vocation.'

You 'll see that I shall do something — if time and fortune permit — that, like the cosmogony of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.'

Byron wished Dr. Alexander to accompany him to Greece, but the physician explained that he could not go, as he was married.

'Ah,' said Byron bitterly, 'how different it is with me! I 'm going because I am married.'

Dr. Alexander's last service was to recommend to Lord Byron Dr. Bruno, the Italian physician who did go with him to Missolonghi.



WHISTLER IN LOVE

AN auction of letters at Sotheby's in London includes a number from Whistler, written to Waldo Story, the sculptor. The most interesting is dated from Paris, while Whistler was on his honeymoon. The letter is in lieu of a more formal wedding-announcement to his friend. Whistler writes: —

The 'fascinating Widdie' and I are now 'the Whistlers' — as, I doubt not, you were always convinced we would become — and the Whistlers are traveling about and wandering and delighting themselves, after the manner of people who really were meant for each other from the beginning. . . .

And you can just write, Waldo, my dear old Waldo, and congratulate us, and tell us how glad you are that all is so happy with us.

There is also an earlier letter to Story which exhibits Whistler's carelessness about money matters to the full: —

Now, Waldo, I want about fifty pounds — do you think you can manage to get me this, or any part of it? I have done delightful things — and have a wonderful game to play soon — but meantime, of course, I have been simply living as we like to live while working, you know how — and so by

dint of always writing cheques have nearly written up everything in the bank.

Now when my exhibition comes off I have plenty of amazing *little* beauties — new game! — that will bring in golden ducats — like the pastels — but meantime I don't want to sell any of them, nor do I want to ask the Fine Art Society to advance anything if I can help it — so now write at once and say, and send if you can. But Waldino, don't be worried about me, though, if you can't easily manage it at the moment.

Story appears to have done his best to comply with his friend's desire, and Whistler seems not to have troubled even to acknowledge it until some time afterward, when he writes a letter sneering at the Royal Academy, because 'no words can convey the doddering senility and driveling incapacity that have covered the walls of that bazaar,' after which he adds: —

Do, like a dear, good Waldo, forgive all my horrid silence and write and tell me — you know I have never told you how nice and loyal it was in you to send at once all you had in the bank to me! — but you know I feel it deeply, Waldo — and as little Milly sings: 'No matter what you do if your 'art is only true — and his 'art is true.'

After a successful exhibition, which confounded hostile critics, Whistler fairly crows with joy: —

It has been the most brilliant campaign! Never such a social hurrah brought about by art means in London before! The Critics simply slaughtered and lying around in masses!

I am more confirmed than ever in my work by what I have seen in Holland — Rembrandt at his best was still in the cookery of the studio.

Story was also acquainted with Oscar Wilde, who wrote, in January 1884, announcing his engagement to Miss Lloyd: —

We are to be married in April. Her name is Constance — and she is quite young, very

grave and mystical, with wonderful eyes — and dark-brown coils of hair; quite perfect, except that she does not think Jimmy [Whistler] the only painter that ever really existed — she would like to bring Titian or somebody in by the back door.

However, she knows I am the greatest poet — so in literature she is all right; and I have explained to her that you are the greatest sculptor — art instruction cannot go further.

We are, of course, desperately in love. I have been obliged to be away nearly all the time since our engagement — but we telegraph to each other twice a day; and the telegraph clerks have become quite romantic in consequence. I hand in my messages, however, very sternly, and try to look as if 'love' was a cryptogram for 'buy Grand Trunks,' and 'darling' a cipher for 'sell out at par'; I am sure it succeeds.

Still another letter from Whistler offers an amusing contrast to Wilde's raptures by its curt comment: 'Oscar is awfully fat and is to be married on Wednesday.'



BOLSHEVIST SCIENCE

A SCIENTIFIC expedition sent out by the Soviet Government has just returned to Sevastopol after having secured, according to *Izvestia*, much interesting data on the fauna of the Black Sea. According to Mr. Skvortsov, director of the marine observatory, the maximum depth of the Black Sea as established by this expedition is 2200 metres. The temperature of the water at a depth of 200 metres is between 46° and 48° F. Where the depth of the sea is 500 metres or more, the temperature almost never changes, remaining about 34° F. The saturation of the water with salt, and consequently its density, increase rapidly with the depth and this prevents in the Black Sea any vertical circulation, such as usually exists. Vertical circulation is possible in the Black Sea only

at depths not over 200 metres, and therefore marine life is impossible below that depth, the water being heavily impregnated with toxic matter produced by submerged organic remains, which cannot be carried to the surface and there oxidized in the ordinary way.



PROTECTING THE WHITE RHINOCEROS

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, the famous traveler, administrator, and authority on African wild life, joins the New York Zoölogical Society in its effort to protect the gorilla and the white rhinoceros. At first thought it seems a trifle ludicrous to talk about protecting such formidable creatures. Surely the gorilla and the rhinoceros may be left to protect themselves.

According to Sir Harry, however, they need aid — especially the harmless white rhinoceros, which in five years has been reduced from some three thousand specimens to about twenty in the government game-preserve in Natal. In the Sudan the number has been reduced to less than a hundred. Recently the Natal Government granted a permit to a hunter who shot four of the twenty specimens still left to unappreciative Natal.

Under the heading, 'One of Our Elders,' the *Manchester Guardian* comments editorially on the extermination of the white rhinoceros: —

A branch of one of the oldest families in the animal world is in danger of extinction through the murderous stupidity of one of the newest. For the last survivors of the white rhinoceros are being wantonly killed off by men. Against these beasts, it seems, there is nothing whatever to be said. While his black brothers in Africa do not scruple to stab and gore with their nasal horns and his other brothers in Asia use sharp lower tusks with similar effect, the white rhinoceros lives up to his color. He is no whitened sepulchre, and he does not even, we

learn, exhibit 'petulant ferocity when' attacked.' At one time this interesting beast was protected by the Sudan Government, but recently nothing has checked 'sportsmen' from exercising their prowess upon it, and so it is rapidly being exterminated. While a hundred or so still survive, concerted action should be taken by the officials of the various nations, ourselves, the French, and the Belgians, who have colonial territory where the white rhinoceros makes his home.



THOMAS HARDY AND THE NOBEL PRIZE

THE *Westminster Gazette* lifts once more the familiar English voice of protest against Swedish failure to appreciate Thomas Hardy. There has long been dissatisfaction in literary England over the continued neglect of Hardy by the Nobel Prize Committee, and this feeling has been intensified by the award to William Butler Yeats. Only a few, even of the irreverent younger writers in Great Britain, venture to contest the Hardy supremacy, although every now and then some flippant youngster pokes fun at the most vulnerable of Hardy's verses, or goes searching for flaws — which can be found — in his prose.

The plain truth is that Hardy's pessimism and the general gloom of his writings militate against his chance of winning the Swedish prize—odd as this may seem when we remember the high esteem in which his Swedish countrymen hold Strindberg. Undeterred by this, however, Mr. John Galsworthy and the English P.E.N. Club have unanimously resolved to support the suggestion of the international convention of the Club, proposing Mr. Hardy's name for the next prize. The *Westminster Gazette* says editorially:—

There is a very odd selection of English literature abroad. Perhaps it is no stranger than our own capricious preferences among

the writers of other countries. It is not many years since it seemed almost better for an English writer to be unknown in certain parts of the Continent, since one's company had to be so eclectic. But most critics of reputation in England would maintain that an inability to appreciate Hardy could only be explained by an inability to appreciate good literature altogether, or by sheer ignorance. We cannot admit that he is lacking in the sustained imaginative impulse, and for sheer power of conveying an atmosphere he is unsurpassed. Indeed, so high, so indisputed are his claims to the recognition that the Nobel award would confer, that English people have tended to minimize the value of any selection which has so long ignored him.



HOW STENDHAL GOT HIS NAME

M. HENRI D'ALMERAS ventures an interesting suggestion in the *Journal des Débats* to account for the origin of the name Stendhal. As everybody knows, this nom de plume was a very thin veil for the personality of the novelist Henri Beyle, and there have been as many efforts to account for it as to account for the famous American pseudonym, O. Henry. A letter of M. Beyle to his friend, Louis Crozet, dated 1816, still exists which shows that at that time the French writer was reading the French versions of Winckelmann. Now this German author was born in a little Brandenburg town named Stendal or Steindall, of so little importance that it is impossible to believe the French writer had ever heard about it before reading Winckelmann. The very next year, in 1817, he adopted the pseudonym of Stendhal, on the republication of his *Histoire de la peinture en Italie* and also in his book, *Rome, Naples, and Florence*. The evidence appears fairly convincing, or at least as convincing as evidence on such matters is ever likely to be.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Dream, by H. G. Wells. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Macmillan, 1924. \$2.00.

[*Glasgow Herald*]

TAKE a little of the scientific Mr. Wells of the early romances, a modicum of the humor of the Kipps period, season with the advanced views of the Marriage—Ann Veronica outlook, flavor the whole with the Wellsian historical sense, simmer in his zeal for educational and social reform, and serve drenched in simple humanity, and you have *The Dream*—provocative to him who peers into the future, thought-laden for him who studies the past, excellent light entertainment for all who enjoy a tale of ordinary humanity illuminated in the telling.

The main body of the story concerns the life and death of one Harry Mortimer Smith, who rose from errand boy to successful newspaperman,—even the best novels cannot get away from Fleet Street,—loved and lost, more because he was harsh and ununderstanding than because Hetty was faithless, made believe to be happy with the second-best in a marriage outwardly successful, but inwardly lacking in divine fire, and died defending his first wife from the weakling to whom he had abandoned her in a fit of conventional morality that was really only wounded self-love.

On these pegs Mr. Wells hangs a whole canvas of characters: Harry's mother, narrow, but the victim of her struggle to keep respectable; his father, ineffectual, with a glimmer of ill-digested ideals; a chauffeur brother, startlingly real for all his few appearances in the story; Fanny, whose escape to life and love is for once no picture of the Rake's Progress; and Matilda, who kept lodgers for a living without developing a single trait of the landlady beloved of even first-class plays and novels. In the topsy-turvy way that Mr. Wells loves, these events and characters belonging to our age are seen in retrospect through the dream of Sarnac, a youth of two thousand years hence.

[*Scotsman*]

WELLS the artist and Wells the social reformer clash in this new work. The æsthetic value it undoubtedly has is lessened by the ethical value the author intends it to have. And it is because the author pleases so well in what is pertinent to him as an artist that he irritates so much by his irrelevancies as a sociologist. His story is of present-day characters and conditions told from the standpoint of two thousand years hence, with the purpose apparently of making it an

object lesson in the possibility of human perfectibility.

[*Punch*]

MOST of the H. G. Wellses we know come on in *The Dream*, and this multifariousness makes the perusal of that entertaining novel more like a spell at the halls than a night of the legitimate drama. It also renders the book very difficult to appraise, for the reception due to the creator of 'Kipps' and 'Mr. Polly'—who is allowed two long turns of unparalleled brilliance and vivacity—could not, one feels, be fairly accorded to the ethical, sociological, and theological Wells in his more truculent and hortatory aspects. The two-thousand-years-hence Utopia, in which the story opens, leaves me, as usual, cold.

The Futurism of Young Asia, and Other Essays on the Relations between the East and the West, by Benoy Kumar Sarkar. Berlin: Julius Sprenger, 1924.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

FROM the first page we realize that the author has determined to be resolutely tendentious. He embarks, in fact, upon a rather tiresome form of *tu quoque* retaliation. European writers, he alleges with some truth, have sought to belittle Indian achievement by a continual harping upon 'Greek influences.' Mr. Sarkar punishes them by persistently discovering 'Hindu influences' in the most improbable places. This method of making European scholarship look ridiculous might be effective if used with concision. A short skit on Vincent Smith—who, to quote his well-known book, began his studies 'convinced of the unapproachable excellence of the highest type of Greek art'—might have been very damaging; and indeed the mock generalizations about Europe, based on a few passages from Homer, which Mr. Sarkar introduces as a parody of European generalizations about the East, are an ingenious form of satire. But, like the heartless people who imitate stammerers, Mr. Sarkar is soon attacked by the very malady which he has been deriding; and what begins as a deliberate parody of European prejudice ends by becoming, in a book of nearly four hundred pages, a permanent method of study.

Yet this is a book which the rulers of India would do well to read. It contains some brand-new—and very genuine—grievances. One of these is that we have not only forced an alien culture upon India, but have forced upon her an inferior brand of that culture. Paris is, and

has been for centuries, the cultural capital of Europe; India has had to put up with the provincial culture of London. There is truth in the criticism on page 14 of the fallacies committed 'by Western scholars in the application of the comparative method to the study of race-questions':—

'In the first place they [European scholars] do not take the same *class* of facts. They compare the superstitions of the Orient with the rationalism of the Occident, while they ignore the rationalism of the Orient and suppress the superstitions of the Occident. They compare the thoughts and activities of the higher intellectual and economic grades of the Occident with those of the illiterates and paupers and half-fed masses of the Orient.'

This criticism is undoubtedly justified, and applies to many of the books which are regarded as standard works upon the manners and philosophy of the East.

A Man in the Zoo, by David Garnett. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Knopf, 1924. \$1.75.

Gentleman into Goose, by Christopher Ward. London: Werner Laurie; New York: Holt, 1924. \$1.00.

[*Saturday Review*]

MR. GARNETT never shaped like the winner of one race only. *Lady into Fox* was obviously not a flash in his brain-pan, but the fruit of wisdom, no less fresh for being ripe. He has more than a whimsical point of view and an austere style: he has a perception of the infinite sanity underlying the insane antics of mankind. This is what gives a double quality to his work: it is allegory and not-allegory: it is absurd and ironical because it tells you with fidelity exactly what *would* happen in certain fantastic circumstances, it is beautiful because it tells you exactly what *does* happen all the time in the universal human heart.

It was to be expected, then, that his second book would be as good as his first: and it is as good as his first. The actual writing is a shade less careful, but the humor is as persistent and as reticent, the emotion is if anything stronger, and the central theme is as large. For in *Lady into Fox* love triumphed over physical difficulties, disproportionate, ridiculous, and extreme: in *A Man in the Zoo* it triumphs over a greater enemy still — over human pride. John Cromartie and Josephine Lackett loved each other, but they tormented each other. Each was possessed by a devil. It was a devil which made Josephine say:—

'You are Tarzan of the Apes; you ought to be shut up in the Zoo. The collection here is incomplete without you. You are a survival — at-

vism at its worst. . . . You ought to be shut up and exhibited here in the Zoo — I've told you once and now I tell you again — with the gorilla on one side and the chimpanzee on the other. Science would gain a lot.'

It was a devil which made John retort: 'Well, I will be.' And it was a devil — though rather a splendid devil — which made him, having said that in hot blood, abide by it in cold. The dignity of his offer to the Society, and the way in which acceptance came about, — the intolerable Mr. Wollop threatening to resign if the thing were done, so that immediately his colleagues felt it *must* be done, — are recounted with a just austerity. The pangs suffered by the two lovers in consequence could scarcely have been made more vivid. How excellent is the letter of John's which contains these pregnant sentences:—

'You say that the reason you behave cruelly to me is because you love me. It is because I know that that I have tried to do without your love. I think you are a character who will always torture the people you love. I cannot bear pain well; that alone makes us unsuited to each other. It is the principal reason why I never wish to see you again. . . .

'Please believe that I bear you no resentment for the past; indeed, I still love you, but I mean what I say.'

How admirable again is the explanation given of why, when the Man's pet caracal was put in the cage with him, and the labels outside read *Homo Sapiens* and *Felis Caracal*, no pictures were attached: 'it was taken for granted that visitors would be able to distinguish them!' The book is compact of such happy touches.

Gentleman into Goose is a very clever parody of *Lady into Fox*. The ironic points are made much more obvious, and the archaic language is much more emphasized than in the original; but no more than is legitimate and indeed almost necessary in a parody. The original might have been written by Addison: the imitation at times reminds us rather of Fuller. But the general tone is caught, and given the right twist toward absurdity.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

CRONWRIGHT, S. C. *The Life of Olive Schreiner*. London: Fisher Unwin, 1924. 21s.

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NEW TRANSLATIONS

HAMSUN, KNUT. *In the Grip of Life*. Authorized English Version by Graham and Tristan Rawson. New York: Knopf, 1924. \$2.00.

SUETONIUS. *History of the Twelve Cæsars*. Translated by Philemon Holland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. \$5.00.

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